THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranfactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverfion interefting to the Man of Pleafure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For DECEMBER, 1793.

CONTAINING

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Beautifully ornamented with—1. A ftriking Reprefentation of an EXTRAORDINARY LEAP from EGREMONT BRIDGE, near WHITEHAVEN, on the 21ft of November, by a *Gentleman of Lancafter*.—2. An elegant Engraving defcriptive of WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OBSERVATIONS on Fashionable Gaming-houses, by a Spectator, are received, and shall be attended to.

The Natural History of the Cock is too valuable an Article to be long postponed.

Ancient Custom of Bear-hunting in the Vicinity of London, in an Epistle from A. Z. shall be admitted as soon as possible.

Observations on different Kinds of Wadding, so far as they are applicable to the Ease of the Fowling-piece, are received, and shall be immediately communicated to our Readers.

Veracity has sent us what he calls, "An Account of an *extraordinary* Foot-race," but by his Relation of the Particulars, it seems so far from *extraordinary* that almost every Street in the Metropolis would furnish more rapid Pedestrians. In Mercy, therefore, we have rejected this Article, lest our Readers should construe the Matter ironically, and hurt the Feelings of the Parties.

The Poacher, a Satire, has some Point; but the Lashes are too feebly administered, considering the Atrocity of the Offender.

The Remarks of a *Veterinarian* may serve to fill up a certain space of the time allotted to *him*, but cannot *inform* our Readers—and are of course rejected.

From the ingenuity of our Correspondent O. P. Q's Introductory Letter to his extract from *Geoffery Gambado's Academy for Grown Horsmen*, we are lead to imagine his abilities far exceed those necessary for a mere Selector; we are therefore in hopes our Subscribers will be favoured with something *original* from his Pen.

We are favoured by an anonymous Correspondent with an Account of the *Marratta Horses*, and Dealers in them: as our Publication we flatter ourselves is entitled to notice, not only from the *Sportsman* of this Country, but those in every part of the Globe, it shall certainly appear in our next.

Our Readers will notice an Error in the writing at the bottom of the Plate of his Majesty's Dog Kennel given in our last—and for "SWINLEY," read "ASCOT."

Erratum. In our last Number, page 68, second column, last line but one of the Article from Coventry, for "Six full grown Hares," read "Six full grown Foxes."

THE

Sporting Magazine

For DECEMBER, 1793.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

THE Publisher of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, presuming that an account of the miraculous escape of the gentleman who is the subject of the following letter, would meet with the approbation of the readers of it, has availed himself of an opportunity which presented itself, of writing to a friend, whose residence near to the spot, gave him a better opportunity of describing the circumstance, than any other person could possibly do; he has, likewise, from a sketch, favoured by another correspondent, got executed the *beautiful engraving* annexed, which the proprietors flatter themselves will also be found to be fully descriptive of this remarkable event.

Whitehaven, Dec. 4, 1793.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS favoured with your's, and believe me, the request contained in it, has given me more than common satisfaction; as I have it in my power fully to answer every particular. The idea you have conceived respecting this extraordinary circumstance, I perfectly coincide with; it certainly claims the particular notice of the readers of your entertaining performance.

As the interposition of Providence in the present case, calls to my recollection *two* other circumstances of a similar nature, I shall, (notwithstanding they may be familiar to many) previous to a relation of the matter in question, recite them; and the first

firſt that claims attention, is that of Mr. CUTHBERT LAMBERT, of Newcaſtle upon Tyne. This gentleman, riding with a degree of impetuoſity (common to young men in the hey day of blood) over Sandiford Stone-bridge, and uſing his utmoſt endeavours to turn his horſe round quickly, it occaſioned a ſudden ſtart from him, and in an inſtant he leaped over the battlement. The boughs of an aſh, which fortunately hung over the bridge, prevented his deſtruction, by catching hold of which, he hung, till ſome paſſengers coming that way, extricated him from his unpleaſant, and, indeed, tremendous ſituation. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to ſay, that the horſe was killed by the fall; it being twenty feet to the bed of the water. The ſecond is of Mr. RICHARD WITHINGTON, of Mancheſter; a gentleman aged twenty-one years, who, on the 13th of January, 1790, was taking the diverſion of hunting, in the townſhip of Worſley, he ſuddenly fell, together with his horſe, into a tunnel, of the depth of thirty feet, through an old aperture, whence materials from a mine had been drawn up, and what had been too inſecurely covered over. He was, however, ſcarcely hurt, although his hunting cap was ſo driven into the root of the tunnel, that it required ſome extraordinary force to pull it from between the ſtones. The animal, in this inſtance, was alſo deſtroyed. It now remains for me to execute the commiſſion you have given me, in which it will be ſeen, owing to the extraordinary preſence of mind of the rider, the horſe was alſo preſerved.

A young gentleman (who is an inhabitant of Lancaſter) riding in the afternoon of the 21ſt of November, on the road between Ravenglaſs and Whitehaven, on a very high ſpirited blood horſe, not far diſtant from Egremont, he was paſſed by a ſingle-horſe chaiſe, which occaſioned the animal to be very unruly; thinking to pacify him, by paſſing the chaiſe, he cantered forwards; but the horſe, no longer to be reſtrained, ſtruck off on a full gallop, and coming upon Egremont-bridge (the middle of the battlements of which preſent nearly a right angle to the entrance upon it), was going with ſuch fury that, unable to retrieve himſelf, he leaped ſidelong upon the battlements, which are upwards of four feet high. The rider, finding it impoſſible to retrieve, and ſeeing the improbability of ſaving either of their lives, had he floundered over head foremoſt, juſt as the horſe was falling headlong down, had the inſtantaneous preſence of mind to ſtrike him on both ſides with the ſpurs, and force him to take a clear leap.—Owing to this precaution, he alighted upon his feet, and the rider firmly keeping his ſeat, held up the horſe, till reaching the bottom, he leaped off. — When we conſider the height of the bridge, which has been accurately aſcertained to be upwards of twenty feet and an half perpendicular height from the top of the battlements, and that there was not one foot depth of water in the bed of the river where they fell, it is really miraculous that they were not both ſtricken dead upon the ſpot.

He travelled with his accuſtomed vigour from Egremont to Whitehaven, the diſtance of five miles. The only injury he received, was a ſprain in one foot, which confined him three days

at

at his inn, the King's Arms, in Whitehaven. He remained there three days longer, waiting the recovery of his horſe, who had a ſlight wound in the ſtifle-joint. Both ~~are now perfectly well~~. The horſe's feet had ſtruck one of the parapet ſtones of the bridge with ſuch violence, as to throw it four inches out of its ſituation.

Although I do not wiſh you to have occaſion to write me again on a ſubject that might have turned out to be of the moſt dreadful nature; yet, whenever any thing occurs, wherein I can render you ſervice, I beg you will freely command me, and am,

Your's, truly,

T. N.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

I BEG leave to communicate to your numerous readers the following intereſting particulars.

I am, &c.

Chelmsford, Dec. A. B.

There is now living, in the pariſh of Hatfield Peverel, in this county, one Joſeph Tunbridge, belonging to the neighbouring pariſh of Ulting, at the advanced age of 101 years.—He was born in the pariſh of Stiſted, near Braintree, the 25th of July, 1692; never experienced ſickneſs, neither did he ever take medicine; has always been a labouring man; can now do work in that way, ſuch as hoeing turnips, &c. and the preſent year 1793, he harveſted a whole month with Mr. Walker, of Terling, and had 16s. for his month. —He has had three wives; with the firſt he lived thirty-ſix years, and had ten children, all girls; with the ſecond he lived four years, and had one child; and his ſecond wife had three huſbands before him; with the third wife he lived twelve years, and had not any children.

In the early part of his life, he had ſome particular qualifications, —could imitate a French horn, in the hunting ſtrain, ſo well, as not to be diſtinguiſhed from a real one; and ſo well could he imitate a pack of hounds in full cry, as to deceive and miſlead a whole chaſe;—he was then a ſervant to Mr. Crane, the noted fox-hunter, of Rivenhall, who would not part with him at that time on account of his imitations;—in theſe qualifications he is now defective, but gives a very good ſpecimen of his former abilities;—in other reſpects he has health, ſpirits and ſtrength to an amazing degree, and can, without any inconvenience, walk upwards of twenty miles a day.

THE THEATRE. No. II.

COVENT GARDEN has produced, what it is always producing, under the verſatile genius of a *fertile* manager, ſome diſtinguiſhing traits of novelty to excite general attraction. CYMBELINE has been twice brought forward, not only with all the *brilliancies* of dreſs and decoration, but the additional advantage of a much more BRILLIANT APPENDAGE.—A young lady in the character of IMOGEN, whoſe unlimited ſucceſs in the embarkation will create no ſurprize, when it is known ſhe is the *pupil* of, and has long been receiving the *moſt private* and emphatic inſtructions from the firſt

Cloten

Cloten (YATES) that ever trod the boards of either theatre.

It is a matter univerfally known, and equally honourable, than an audience of the metropolis have never been known to withold applaufe, where even the very *animalculæ* of ftage excellence could be at all obferved in the embarkation; however obfcured by the cloud of diffidence, fo generally predominant, and fo frequently deftructive in the awful impreffive moment of a FIRST APPEARANCE. A ftate, that, to a mind of fenfibility, muft be more powerfully alarming than words can be found to defcribe, or ideas to conceive. Here, however, was no caufe for alarm, more than what the delicate fenfations and natural timidity of the fex might engender; for the jaundiced eye of ENVY muft *reluctantly* admit, fhe was "all her FRIEND could HOPE, all HERSELF could WISH." The elegance of her *frame*, the eafe of her *action*, the happinefs of her diction, and ftrict appropriation of emphafis to PROPRIETY, combined to breathe the gentle zephyr of congratulation to every lover of the drama, that a favourite "CHILD of NATURE" has been extracted from the ore of oblivion, that fhall hereafter happily recal to memory the DIGNITY of YATES, and the SWEET SOUNDS of BARRY, when a renovation of ftage perfection fhall have completely wiped away every trait of the *fterility* that has fo lately pervaded almoft every department. A new comedy of "THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE," has been likewife brought forward, but compofed of materials fo repugnant to GENIUS, fo divefted of probability, and fo diffufive of *dullnefs*, that, fubmitting it to the obfcurity it muft foon be inevitably doomed to, it requires no other *eulogium* on its SUBLIMITY, than to acknowledge, it muft be *feen* to be *admired—heard* to be UNDERSTOOD.

On Wednefday the 18th inft. THE DRAMATIST and BARATARIA, were performed by command of their Majefties, to a moft brilliant and crowded, but fomewhat noify audience. In the former was introduced, in the character of LADY WAITFOR'T, a fucceffor to Mrs. WEBB. This lady, now Mrs. CHAMBERS, is the daughter of the late Mr. DYER, of the fame theatre, who was cotemporary with *Woodward, Shuter*, and *Dunftall*, playing a certain caft of much refpectability; amongft which was TOM in "THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS," which GARRICK did not hefitate to pronounce the "pureft acting upon the ftage." In the then luxuriant accumulation of ftage perfection, room was not to be found at either theatre, without the mortification of a firft appearance, and fubfequent *ruftication* upon "the fhelf of indifference;" to which neither the fuperiority of her figure, or the admitted excellence of her perfonal accomplifhments (acquired under a moft polifhed education) could influence her to fubmit. Honoured with the particular fanction and recommendatory mandate of GARRICK, to the manager of the Norwich company, fhe made her entré in the very town (Ipfwich) of his own embarkation, in the character of LADY TOWNLEY, with the moft unprecedented applaufe. She afterwards conftituted a part of the corps under Younger at Birmingham and Manchefter, from whence fhe made a trip to Dublin, and performed fix nights for a clear

clear benefit with Ryder, at Smock Alley Theatre; acquiring reputation in LADY TOWNLEY, ROSALIND, and characters of such eminence, as secured her a more permanent engagement which she returned to and fulfilled. Since which her situation has been of a more fluctuating kind, and growing into the *en bon point*, has pointed out the necessity of adhering to a cast of parts, in which her excellence is provincially admitted, and her ease in acting seems to confirm. From the stormy vicissitudes, that so frequently pervade the *pecuniary* sensations of the *sons and daughters of* THALIA and MELPOMENE she is happily shielded, by a very handsome annuity arising from *sixteen hundred pounds* in the funds; there lodged by the frugality of an indulgent father, which, at her death, reverts to the heirs of E. TIGHE, Esq. commissioner of stamps in Dublin, and member of the Irish parliament for the borough of WICKLOW.

At the conclusion of the play, the house was literally *divided against itself*; the GODS and GODDESSES becoming clamorous for *Rule Britannia*, while the more judicious became vociferous advocates for CONSISTENCY, in demanding the epilogue from *Lewis*; when, after a "*war of words*" by no means amusing to majesty, the *sans culottes* were obliged to descend to their original obscurity; convinced by the superiority of the LOWER HOUSE, that divested of *temporary furor* and *fulsome adulation*, (which is too frequently obtruded for LOYALTY) found must, with an enlightened audience, ever submit to SENSE.

A combination of all that is *pantomimically* rich, and luxuriantly entertaining, has been introduced for a *Christmas treat*, under the appellation of "HARLEQUIN and FAUSTUS;" or, "The Devil will have his own;" the whole combining such happy assemblage of *fun*, *finesse*, and *machinery*, as cannot but impress the inexperienced mind of juvenility with the most exhilarating sensations. The various transformations effected by the magical wand of the *doctor*, exceed literary description; and a variety of new scenes, with the representations of the theatre at Drury-lane in *embryo* and PERFECTION; the temple of glory, and brilliancy of the *tout ensemble*, with the indefatigable exertions of the performers, hold forth no slender idea of the power of necromancy, when its fascinating influence had *formerly* so much weight with an unenlightened multitude.

Behind the curtain, the MEN are no less *attentive*, the FEMALES no less *grateful*, than upon all *precedented* occasions; but some of the *sprigs of buckism*, having in the *under* GREEN-ROOM bored the company with *their gallantries*, a "wicked wight" amused himself with writing *amorous billet doux*, (soliciting the happiness of *private interviews*) which being properly placed in the card racks of the BOX OFFICE, have occasioned some long *dark walls* and *dreary waitings* to these apes of ADONIS, who have lamentingly discovered that "Every fool's WISE in his own *conceit*."

CLYTUS.

Dec. 23, 1793.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

THE etiquette, or rules to be observed in the royal palaces,

ces, is necessary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain, it was carried to such lengths, as to make martyrs of their kings.

Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling. Philip the Third, being gravely seated, as the Spaniards generally are, by a chimney, where the fire maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat; his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair, and the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alledging, that he was forbidden by the etiquette, to perform such a function, for which the Duke de Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The Duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer; and the king endured it, rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erisipilas broke out in his head the next day, which being succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the King's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her bigness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish *etiquette* was here woefully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and, as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Charles the Second received the compliments of the Grandees, who kissed hands on occasion of his ascending the throne, one in the excess of his zeal, ventured to use the word *friend*, in his compliments of condolence and felicitation.

The grave young Monarch, starting from him, and swelling with authority, exclaimed—*Los Reyes no tienen sus Vas allos por Amigos, sino por Servidores*: kings have not their vassals for friends, but for servants.

An elegant Monarch lamented the hard fortune of *kings*, that they could have no *friend*. Charles must have thought differently. One more instance not less extravagant than any of these.

When Isabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of the pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said—Madam, cry out, that will give you ease—she answered in good Spanish, "How dare you give such advice, I would rather die than cry out."

After this, we may exclaim, with our English satirist—

> Spain to all the earth,
> Spain gives us pride which———
> May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth.

CHURCHILL

SWAFFHAM

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING.

IGBOROW,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1793.

MR. Tyssen's Tick won against Mr. Nelthorpe's Knavestock, 1 gui.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Juno against Mr. Hand's Flirt, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Coppin's —— against Mr. Tyssen's (Hinton) Telamon, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Sebright's Plaything won against Mr. Nelthorpe's Kitcat, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Shark against Mr. Coppin (Dashwood) Dammage, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Tyssen's (Archer) Tartar won against Mr. Coppin (Spink) Unity, 1 gui.

FORFEITS.

Mr. Sebright's Palamon to Mr. Nelthorpe's Wilby Puppy, 1 gui. and 1 bye.

Mr. Standley's Gadfly to Mr. Nelthorpe's Kitcat, 1 gui.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jupiter to Mr. Parson's Moneymusk, 1 gui.

Mr. Standley's Puppy to Mr. Coppin's Puppy, 1 gui.

Mr. Standley's Greyhound to Mr. Coppin's Greyhound, 1 gui.

Mr. Sebright's Plumper to Mr. Tyssen's Treasure, 1 gui.

Mr. Nelthorpe's Wilby Puppy to Mr. Sebright's Plaything, 1 gui.

WESTACRE,

TUESDAY, NOV. 12th.

Greyhounds entered for the Cup.

Mr. Tyssen's Treasure against Mr. Hand's Fashion. *Treasure* being indisposed did not start for the cup, a Greyhound called *Nobody* started in her stead and was beaten by Fashion.

Mr. Denton's Nettle won against Mr. Hick's Lapwing.

Mr. Sebright's Plumper won against Mr. Parson's Moonshine.

Mr. Holt's Blank won against Mr. Woodley's Wasp.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jupiter won against Mrs. Coke's Hope.

Mr. Maynard's If won against Mr. Crowe's Snake.

Mr. Hamond's Quince won against Mr. Forby's Zeno.

Mr. Coppin's Una won against Mr. Hare's Rodney.

MATCHES.

Mr. Pottinger's Dumplin against Mr. Hand's Fidget, 1 and 2 bye undecided.

Mr. Pottinger's Dandy against Mr. Hand's Fortitude, 1 and 2 bye undecided.

Mr. Holt's Brass against Mr. Sebright's Planet, 1 and 1 bye undecided.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Julius against Mr. Sebright's Plenty, 1 and 1 bye off.

Mr. Sebright's Plunder won against Mr. Parson's (Towgood) Magpie, 1 gui.

Mr. Nelthorpe's Puppy against Mr. Pottinger's Puppy, 1 gui. off.

Mr. Host's Ceres, undecided.

Mr. Host's Camilla won against Mr. Forby's Zebra, 1 gui.

Mr. Forby's Zulima against Mr. Host's Cypria, 1 gui. off.

Mr. Maynard's Iris against Mr. Denton's Nation, 1 and 1 bye off.

Mr. Hand's Fly against Mr. Host's Catchfly, off 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Greyhound against Mr. Forby's Greyhound, 1 gui. off.

FORFEITS.

Mr. Standley's two Puppies to Mr. Forby's two Puppies.

Mr. Standley's two Puppies to Mr. Crowe's two Puppies.

SMEE.

SMEE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13th.

Greyhounds for the Cup.

Mr. Denton's Nettle won against Mr. Holt's Blank.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jupiter won against Mr. Sebright's Plumper.

Mr. Coppin's Una won against Mr. Hamond's Quince.

Mr. Maynard's If won against Mr. Hand's Fashion.

MATCHES.

Mr. Coppin's Utility won against Mr. Parson's Merrylass 1 gui.

Mr. Standley's Gullyhole won against Mr. Forby's Cigand, 1 gui.

Mr. Woodley's Whimble, won against Mr. Forby's Zoilus, 1 gui.

Mr. Woodley's Whiskey won against Mr. Crowe's Sagina, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Coppin's Usher against Mr. Maynard's Ingrain, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Maynard's Imp won against Mr. Micklethwaite's Jugler, 1 gui.

Mr. Maynard's Iris against Mr. Denton's Nation, 1 gui. undecided.

FORFEITS FOR SMEE.

Mr. Standley's two Puppies to Mr. Forby's two Puppies.

Mr. Standley's Greyhound and Puppy to Mr. Hare's Greyhound and Puppy.

Mr. Standley's two Puppies to Mr. Pottinger's two Puppies.

Mr. Standley's Glazier to Mr. Hand's Friday.

Mr. Standley's Greyhound to Mr. Forby's Greyhound.

NARFORD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14th.

Greyhounds for the Cup.

Mr. Maynard's If won against Mr. Micklethwaite's Jupiter.

Mr. Coppin's Una won against Mr. Denton's Nettle.

MATCHES.

Mr. Crowe's Shark won against Mr. Forby's Zulima, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Saltator against Mr. Sebright's Plaister, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Host's Greyhound against Mr. Forby's Greyhound, 1 gui. off.

Mr. Crowe's Smirk against Mr. Nelthorpe's Kiss-my-Lady, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Woodley's Warwhoop won against Mr. Sebright's Plunder, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Crowe's Snake against Mr. Coppin's Ulysses, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Pottinger's Dandy won against Mr. Hand's Fortitude, 1 gui.

Mr. Sebright's Plenty against Mr. Micklethwaite's Juliet, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Coppin's Usher won against Mr. Pottinger's Diamond, 1 gui.

FORFEITS.

Mr. Standley's four Puppies to Mr. Forby's four Puppies.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jethro to Mr. Maynard's Il Re.

2d *WESTACRE,*

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15th.

Greyhounds for the Cup.

Mr. Maynard's If won against Mr. Coppin's Una.

IF, WINS THE CUP.

MATCHES.

Mr. Sebright's Plaything won against Mr. Forby's Zealot, 1 gui.

Marquis Townshend's Eagle won against Mr. Sebright's Plunder, 1 gui.

Mr.

Mr. Standley's Greafy won againft Mr. Pottinger's Dumplin, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Sable againft Mr. Sebright's Plumper, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Micklethwate's Juno againft Mr. Hand's Flirt, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Hand's Flirt againft Mr. Denton's Nancy, 1 gui. off.

Mr. Whittington's two Puppies, againft Mr. Nelthorpe's two Puppies, off.

Mr. Crowe's Puppy againft Mr. Nelthorpe's Puppy. 1 gui. off.

Mrs. Coke's Sirius won againft Mr. Pottinger's Dinch, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Utility won againft Mrs. Coke's Nifus, 1 gui.

Mr. Holt's Brafs won againft Mr. Sebright's Plannet, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Sebright's Plenty won againft Mr. Parfon's Magician, 1 gui.

Mr. Pottinger's Drone againft Mr. Denton's Nero, 1 gui. undecided.

Marquis of Townfhend's Elegant won againft Mr. Hand's Fidget, 1 gui.

Marquis Townfhend's Edward againft Mr. Coppin's (Bolton) Ufurper, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Parfon's Moonfhine won againft Mr. Coppin's Ufelefs, 1 gui.

Mr. Hand's Friday againft Mr. Hoft's Ceres, 1 gui. off.

Mr. Pottinger's Driver againft Mr. Nelthorpe's Kate, 1 gui. off.

FORFEITS.

Mr. Standley's two Puppies to Mr. Hand's two Puppies.

The CHASE *of the* MOUFLON.

(Concluded from Page 64.)

THE general colour of the hair is reddifh-brown; the infide of the thighs and belly white, tinctured with yellow; the muzzle and infide of the ears are inclining to white, and the other parts of the face are of a brownifh grey.

This animal is found in the wild and uncultivated parts of Greece; in the iflands of Sardinia and Corfica, and in the deferts of Tartary. It is ftrong and mufcular, and runs with great agility. It is fearful of mankind; and, when old, it cannot often be taken alive. Its haunts are the higheft fummits of the mountains, and it treads fecurely on the moft awful precipices. The old rams are frequent and furious, in which one of the contending parties will fometimes be thrown from the heights on which they ftood, and dafhed in pieces at the bottom. If their horns happen to entangle, they fometimes fall together, their enmity and lives have an immediate period.

The chafe of the mouflon is attended with much danger. When they behold a man, they repair to the higheft parts of the rocks, where they cannot be eafily followed. Sometimes they are taken in pit-falls. The Tartars purfue them with horfes and dogs, and, furrounding a pretty large tract of land, drive them towards the centre, where they are taken.

In purfuit of thefe animals, the Kamtchatkans, with their families, pafs the latter part of the fummer among the mountains. The flefh and fat of the young mouflon are efteemed, by the natives, as moft delicious food: their fkins are converted into a warm raiment, and their horns are appropriated to a variety of ufeful purpofes.

The mouflon has been known to breed with the fheep; whence Buffon, and others, fuppofe it to

be the primitive race. The female is not ſo large as the male, and her horns are much ſmaller than his.

Thoſe of Kamptſchatka are ſo very ſtrong, that ten men can hardly hold one of them; and the horns are ſo large, that young foxes frequently ſhelter themſelves in the hollow of ſuch as fall off by accident. They grow to the ſize of a ſtag, copulate in autumn, and uſually bring forth one at a time; ſometimes, however, the have two.

NATURAL HISTORY *of the* NYL-GHAU.

THIS animal, which is a native of the interior parts of India, ſeems to be of a middle nature between the cow and the deer, and carries the appearance of both its forms; but it is much ſmaller than the one, and larger than the other: its body, horns, and tail, have a ſimilitude to thoſe of a bull; and its head, neck, and legs reſemble thoſe of the deer. The colour, in general, is aſh or grey, from a mixture of black hairs and white. On the ridge or edge of the neck, the hair is blacker, longer, and more erect, making a ſhort, thin, and upright mane, reaching down to the hump. Its horns, are about ſeven inches long, ſix inches round at the root, tapering by dedegrees, and terminating in a bluntiſh point: the ears, which are large and beautiful, are ſeven inches in length, and ſpread to a conſiderable breadth; they are white on the edge, and on the inſide, except where two black bands mark the hollow of the ear with a zebra-like variety. The height of this animal, at the ſhoulder, is four feet and an inch; behind the loins it only meaſures four feet.

The female is conſiderably ſmaller, having no horns, and very much reſembles a deer both in ſhape and colour. She has four nipples, and is ſuppoſed to go nine months with young. She uſually has but one at a birth, though ſometimes ſhe has two.

Several of this ſpecies were brought to this country in 1767, which continued to breed annually for ſome years after. Dr. Hunter, who had one of them in his poſſeſſion for ſome time, mentions it as a harmleſs and gentle animal: that it ſeemed pleaſed with every kind of familiarity, always licked the hand that either ſtroaked or fed it, and never once attempted to uſe its horns offenſively. It ſeemed to have much dependence on its organs of ſmell, and ſnuffed keenly whenever any perſon came in ſight: it did the ſame when food or drink was brought to it; and would not taſte any bread which was offered, if the hand that preſented it happened to ſmell of turpentine.

Its manner of fighting, which is ſingular, is thus deſcribed: two of the males at Lord Clive's, being put into an incloſure, were obſerved while they were at ſome diſtance from each other, to prepare for the attack, by falling down upon their knees: they then ſhuffled towards each other, keeping ſtill upon their knees; and, at the diſtance of a few yards, they made a ſpring, and darted upon each other with great violence.

During the rutting ſeaſon, theſe animals are fierce and vicious, as will appear from the following anecdote.—A labouring man, without knowing that the animal was near him, went

up

up to the outside of the inclosure; the nyl-ghau, with the quickness of lightning, darted against the wood work with such force, that he broke it to pieces, and also broke off one of the horns close to the root. The death of the animal, which happened soon after, was supposed to be owing to the injury he sustained by the blow.

We are informed by Bernier, that it is the favourite amusement of the Mogul emperor to hunt the nyl-ghau, and that he kills great numbers of them, which he causes to be cut up, and distributes their quarters to his omrahs: an absolute proof that they are esteemed delicious food.

These animals are frequently brought from the interior parts of Asia, as valuable presents to the nabobs, and other great men at our settlements in India.

It seems probable, that this rare animal may be propagated with success in this country: that it will breed here, is evident from experience; and, if it should prove docile enough to be easily trained to labour, its swiftness and strength might be applied to the most valuable purposes.

NATURAL HISTORY *of the* SEAL, *with the* MANNER *of* HUNTING *it.*

THIS creature is found, with some variety, in almost every quarter of the globe: in the northern seas of Asia, Europe, and America, as well as the less frequented regions towards the south pole. The usual length of the seal is from five to six feet: its body is closely covered with short hair of various colours, smooth and shining: its tongue is forked at the end, and it has two canine teeth in each jaw; with six cutting teeth in the upper, and four in the lower: on each foot are five toes, furnished with sharp strong claws; which enable it to climb the rocks, on which it frequently basks.

It swims with great strength and swiftness, is very playful, and sports without fear about ships and boats. It feeds on various kinds of fish, and frequently approaches the shore in pursuit of its prey. Seals are found in great abundance on the coasts of Great Britain; particularly in the deep recesses and caverns in the northern part of the island, where they resort in the breeding-time, and continue till their young are of a proper age to go to sea.

The time of taking seals is in the month of October, or the beginning of November. The hunters, provided with torches and bludgeons, enter the mouths of the caverns about midnight, and row in as far as they are able. They afterwards land, and, being properly stationed, begin making a great noise: this alarms the seals, and brings them from all parts of the cavern in a confused body, making hideous shrieks and cries. In this hazardous employment, great care is necessary on the part of the hunters, to avoid the throng which presses down with great impetuosity, and bears away every thing that opposes its progress; when the first crowd, however, has passed, they kill great numbers of the young ones, which usually straggle behind, by striking them on the nose.

A young seal yields about seven or eight gallons of oil: their skins are valuable, and their flesh is sometimes eaten. That it was formerly admitted to the tables of

of the great, many proofs might be adduced—it may be feen in the bill of fare of a fumptuous entertainment given by Archbifhop Nevil, in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

Seals grow fo very rapidly, that after nine tides from their birth, they are as active as the old ones. The female brings forth her young on the land, fits on her hind-legs while fhe fuckles them, and, as foon as they are in proper condition, takes them to fea, and teaches them to fwim and fearch for food: when they are fatigued, fhe places them on her back. They know the voice of their mother, and are attentive to her call.

The voice of a young feal bears fome refemblance to that of a cat, but that of an old one may be compared to the hoarfe barking of a dog.

Seals are alfo found in the Mediterranean and Cafpian Seas, in the lake Baikel, and fome of the larger lakes. Thefe are not fo large as the falt-water feals, but they are fo fat as to appear almoft fhapelefs.

In the fouth of Greenland, the hooded feal is found: it is diftinguifhed by a thick fold on its forehead, with which it can cover its nofe and eyes. Its hair is white, with a thick coat of black woolly hair beneath, which makes it appear of a fine grey colour. It is not eafily killed, fay the hunters, till the covering on its head is removed.

To Angle *for* Pike.

THE pike is a very long-lived fifh, according to Lord Bacon and Gefner; who fay he out-lives all other frefh-water fifh. Gefner tells us that, "in the year 1497, a pike was caught in a pond near Hailprum, in Suabia, with a brafs ring at his gills, in which were engraved thefe words:—*I am the firft fifh which Frederick the Second, governor of the world, put into this pond, the 5th of October,* 1233, Whence it appears that the creature had then lived upwards of two hundred and fixty years.

Pikes, if they live long, muft be very expenfive to their keepers, becaufe they are fupported by the death of fo many other fifh, and even thofe of their own kind. A pike will devour a fifh that is larger than his throat or belly can receive; and, fwallowing a part of him, will let the other part remain in his mouth, till the fwallowed part is digefted; and thus proceed gradually till the whole body is confumed.

Well may he be called *the tyrant of the rivers,* if only a fmall part of the ftories related of him are to be relied on. Bowlker, in his Art of Angling, page 9, gives the following inftance of the exceeding voracity of this fifh: "My father catched a pike in Barn Meer, (a large ftanding water in Chefhire) that was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he brought to the Lord Cholmondeley: his lordfhip ordered it to be turned into a canal in the garden, where were abundance of feveral forts of fifh. About twelve months after, his lordfhip drawed the canal, and found that this over-grown pike had devoured all the fifh, except one large carp, which weighed between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in feveral places. The pike was then put into the canal again, together with abundance of fifh with him to feed upon; all which he devoured

voured in lefs than a year's time, and was obferved, by the gardener and workmen there, to take the ducks, and other water-fowl, under water: whereupon they fhot magpies and crows, and threw them into the canal, which the pike took before their eyes. Of this they acquainted their lord, who thereupon ordered the flaughterman to fling in calves bellies, chickens guts, and fuch like garbage, to him, to prey upon; but, being foon after neglected, he died, as fuppofed for want of wood."

The following relation was inferted as an article of news, in one of the London papers, the fecond of January, 1765. "*Extract of a letter from Littleport, Dec.* 17.—About ten days ago a large pike was caught in the river Oufe, which weighed upwards of twenty-eight pounds, and was fold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood for a guinea. As the cook-maid was gutting the fifh, fhe found, to her great aftonifhment, a watch with a black ribbon, and two fteel feals annexed, in the body of the pike. The gentleman's butler, upon opening the watch, found the maker's name *Thomas Cranfield*, *Burnham*, *Norfolk*. Upon a ftrict enquiry, it appears that the faid watch was fold to a gentleman's fervant, who was unfortunately drowned about fix weeks ago, in his way to Cambridge, between this place and South Ferry. The watch is ftill in the poffeffion of Mr. John Roberts, at the Crofs Keys, in *Littleport*, for the infpection of the public."

The following article alfo appeared in the fame paper, on the twenty-fifth of the fame month and year:—On Tuefday laft, at Littlefhall lime-works, near Newport, a pool about nine yards deep, which has not been fifhed for ages, was let off by means of a level brought up to drain the works, when an enormous pike was found: he was drawn out by a rope faftened round his head and gills, amidft hundreds of fpectators, in which fervice a great many men were employed: he weighed upwards of one hundred and feventy pounds, and is thought to be the largeft ever feen. Sometime ago, the clerk of the parifh was trolling in the above pool, when his bait was feized by this furious creature, which by a fudden jerk pulled him in, and doubtlefs would have devoured him alfo, had he not, by wonderful agility, and dextrous fwimming, efcaped the dreadful jaws of this voracious animal."

In Dr. Plot's Hiftory of Staffordfhire, many relations are introduced of pikes of great magnitude; one in particular, caught in the Thames, is faid to have been an ell and two inches long.

We are told by Gefner, that a man going into a pond to water his mule, (where it feems a pike had devoured all the fifh) the pike bit his mule by the lips; to which indeed he held fo faft, that the mule drew him out of the water, and by that accident the owner of the mule got poffeffion of the pike. The fame author obferves, that a pike bit the foot of a maid in Poland, as fhe was wafhing cloaths in a pond.

Mr. Walton alfo fays, "I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry;" — and immediately adds—"I have been affured by my friend Mr. Seagrave, that keeps tame otters, that he hath known a pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his otters for a carp, that the other had caught

caught, and was then bringing out of the water.*"

Further evidence of the voracity of this fiſh, accompanied with a pleaſant circumſtance, may be found in Fuller's Worthies, page 144.—We are there informed that, "A cub fox, drinking out of the river Arnus, in Italy, had his head ſeized by a mighty pike, ſo that neither could free themſelves, but were ingrappled together. In this conteſt a young man runs into the water, takes them out both alive, and carrieth them to the Duke of Florence, whoſe palace was hard by. The porter would not admit him, without a promiſe of ſharing his full half of what the Duke ſhould give him; to which he (hopeleſs of entrance otherwiſe) condeſcended: the Duke, highly affected with the rarity, was about giving him a good reward, which the other refuſed, deſiring his highneſs would appoint one of his guard to give him an hundred laſhes, that ſo his porter might have fifty, according to his compoſition. And here my intelligence leaveth me how much farther the jeſt was followed."

(To be continued.)

The GAME *of* CASSINO.

(Continued from page 89.*)*

FURTHER RULES FOR PLAYING.

11. IF no aces are played, or if one or two only are out, and the elder or ſecond hand holds one; he ſhould watch an opportunity, when there are only tens or court cards on the board, or when it makes but few combinations, to put it down: the third hand and dealer ſhould reſerve it to the laſt.

12 When three aces are out, it is good play to put down the fourth ace the firſt card; but never, on any account, to reſerve it after the firſt round.

13. If you hold two aces, embrace the firſt eligible opportunity to play one, in hopes it may not be taken up till it is your turn to play again: if your partner puts down an ace, and you cannot take it up by combination, endeavour to leſſen the combinations, in order to hinder your adverſary from taking it.

14. If you hold one ace, and the little caſſino, and muſt put down one, let it be the latter; becauſe your adverſaries can only gain one point by taking up the little caſſino; but they gain two, if they happen to pair the ace.

15. If you hold two cards of a kind, and a third ſhould happen to be on the table, you may, if you think proper, lay down one of them, and wait your turn; and, if it ſhould not be matched by your adverſary, you may lay down the third, and take up the former two with it: but you muſt not, in this caſe, cover the trick, by putting the cards together, the adverſary being at liberty to take them, if he can. But this method of playing is not to be adopted, when the fourth card is out.

N. B. While the firſt pair are ſo laid, the player may take any thing elſe that offers, and lay down his third card when he pleaſes.

16. When you are dealer, and the

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* At the Marquis of Stafford's canal at Trentham, a pike ſeized the head of a ſwan, as ſhe was feeding under water, and go ged ſo much of it as killed them both The ſervants perceiving the ſwan, with its head under water for a longer time than uſual, took the boat, and found both ſwan and pike dead.

the cards are dealt out, keep a court card back, to enſure the ſweep. Sometimes two, having the great caſſino in your hand, (the other three tens being out) you ſhould prefer putting down a ſmall card, which, by combination, makes the number ten on the board, in hopes of taking up the combined cards with the great caſſino.

17. If you are dealer, and have the great caſſino in the laſt four cards, (the other three tens being out) and no court card to preſerve for the ſweep, keep the caſſino, to give you a chance of combination; unleſs you have an eight or a nine, when it would be good play to put down the caſſino, reckoning on the probability of having it in the ſweep.

18. We have already obſerved that, in ſcoring the game, the leſſer number is ſubtracted from the greater, and the overplus only is ſcored. As for example, if one party gains ſeven points out of the eleven, the remaining four points gained by the adverſaries, are ſubtracted from the ſeven points, and the overplus of three only is ſcored. It is even poſſible that neither party can ſcore any thing; for if the number of cards is equally divided, eight points only remain to be reckoned, which may, perhaps, be equally divided, as well as the cards, and then neither party can ſcore.

19. When all the cards have been dealt, as already obſerved, and any ſhould remain unmatched on the board, the perſon who took up laſt claims them; but this does not entitle him to mark a point as in the middle of the game.

20. It is of importance to remember how many tens, aces, and deuces have been played, and whether two court cards of the ſame ſort were turned up at firſt on the board: this is more eſſentially neceſſary, as no one can be permitted to refer to the tricks, or count the number of tricks he has made.

21. It is laid down as a general rule, not to leave on the board one card only, or ſuch cards as, by combination, may be taken with one card, leſt your adverſaries ſhould clear the board: but this ſhould not be the practice at all times; as the majority of cards is of great conſequence, and makes the difference of ſix points, on which account ſome riſk is worth hazarding.

This general rule, however, ſhould never be attended to *at the beginning of a game*, when, by combination, you can take up many cards; nor when you can take up any point; nor when a trick or two will make the difference of the cards; nor when your ſcore is high, and your adverſaries have not ſcored more than two or three. The poet, however, whom we have noticed before, ſeems to adhere ſtrictly to the general rule, as will appear by the following lines:—

" One caution more though, ere my rules are done,
" Ne'er leave one card upon the board alone;
" Leſt your quick foe ſhould find a partner meet,
" And add a counter for the glorious feat;
" So comes th' enamour'd youth, alert and gay,
" And miſs without a chap'ron takes away."

The general rule (viz. that of not riſking the clearing of the board) ſhould never be departed from when your adverſaries have ſcored five, leſt they ſave their lurch; and eſpecially when they have ſcored nine or ten, leſt you give them the game.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Manner of HUNTING *the* ELK ANTELOPE.

THE Elk antelope is an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as the greateſt part of India; and is one of the largeſt kinds of the gazelles. It has ſtraight horns, two feet in length, of a dark brown colour, marked with two prominent ſpiral ribs running near two thirds of their length, but ſmooth towards the ends, which are turned a little inwards: the forehead is flat, and broad at the top; and has a fore-lock, ſtanding erect, the whole length of it: its noſe is ſharp, and its breaſt is covered with a looſe ſkin.

This antelope is of an aſh-colour, inclining a little towards blue: it has a thin, black, upright mane, extending from the nape of its neck along the top of the back; and a tuft of black hair at the end of the tail.

Theſe animals live chiefly in plains and vallies; and, when hunted, always run (if poſſible) againſt the wind. They are not very ſwift, and being generally fat, eſpecially the males, which are always the plumpeſt and largeſt in the herd, are ſoon tired. The hunter uſually endeavours to get to windward of the animal, and having ſo far ſucceeded, he takes an opportunity of throwing himſelf from his horſe, and ſhoots inſtantly at the flying game; at this practice the Dutch coloniſts at the Cape are ſo expert that they ſeldom fail. Dr. Sparmann informs us, there have been inſtances where keen ſportſmen, as well for their own pleaſure as convenience, have hunted elk-antelopes and other gazelles, for many miles together, from the open plains, and driven them to their own doors, before they thought it worth their while to ſhoot them.

The female has horns reſembling thoſe of the male, but ſmaller—they are uſed by the Hottentots for tobacco-pipes.

An INTRODUCTION *to* FALCONRY.

WE have, in the courſe of our publication, mentioned the antiquity of this diverſion and given ſome particulars reſpecting pond-hawking*. We have alſo illuſtrated the ſubject of falconry with what we preſume to call an elegant repreſentation of that ſport; but we have not yet treated it ſcientifically: that taſk, however, we have now impoſed upon ourſelves.

Of many of the ancient falcons uſed for this purpoſe, we at this time know only the names. Thoſe in uſe at preſent, both here and in other countries, are the gyr-falcon, the falcon, the lanner, the ſacre, the hobby, the keſtril, and the merlin. Theſe are called the long-winged hawks, to diſtinguiſh them from the goſhawk, the ſparrow-hawk, the kite, and the buzzard, which are ſhorter of wing, and either too ſlow, too cowardly, too indolent, or too obſtinate, to be ſerviceable in contributing to the pleaſures of the field.

The *gyr falcon* leads in this bold train: in ſize he exceeds all other falcons, for he approaches nearly to the magnitude of the eagle. The top of the head is flat, and of an aſh-colour, with a ſtrong, thick, ſhort, and blue beak. The feathers of the back and wings are marked with black ſpots in the ſhape of a heart: he is fierce and courageous, nor fears

* Pages 162, 179, Vol. I.—205, Vol. II.

even

even the eagle himſelf; but he chiefly flies at the ſtork, the heron, and the crane. He is moſtly found in the colder regions of the north, but loſes neither his ſtrength nor his courage when brought into the milder climates.

The *falcon*, properly ſo called, is the ſecond in magnitude and fame. There are ſome varieties in this bird; but there ſeem to be only two that claim diſtinction, the *falcon-gentle*, and the *peregrine falcon*; both are much leſs than the *gyr*, and do not exceed the magnitude of a raven. Next in ſize to thoſe is the *lanner*, a bird now very little known in Europe; then follows the *ſacre*, the legs of which are of a bluiſh colour, and ſerve particularly to diſtinguiſh him: to them ſucceeds the hobby, uſed for ſmaller game, for daring larks, and ſtooping at quails. The *keſtril* was trained for the ſame purpoſes: and laſtly, the *merlin*; which, though the ſmalleſt of all the hawk or falcon kind, and not much larger than a thruſh, yet deſplays a degree of courage, which renders him formidable to birds of ten times his magnitude. He has frequently been known to kill a partridge or a quail at a ſingle pounce from above.

The courage of theſe creatures in general, is ſuch, that no bird, not very much exceeding their own ſize, can terrify them; their ſwiftneſs ſo great, that hardly any bird can eſcape them; and their docility ſo remarkable, that they obey not only the commands, but the ſigns of their maſter. They remain quietly perched upon his hand till their game is fluſhed, or keep hovering round his head, without ever leaving him but when he gives permiſſion. The common falcon is a bird of ſuch ſpirit, that like a conqueror in a country he keeps all birds in awe, and in ſubjection to his proweſs. Where he is ſeen flying wild, the birds of every kind, which ſeemed entirely to diſregard the kite or the ſparrow-hawk, fly with ſcreams at his moſt diſtant appearance.

To train up a falcon for buſineſs, the maſter begins by clapping ſtrings upon his legs, which are called jeſſes, to which there is faſtened a ring with the owner's name, by which, if he ſhould happen to be loſt, the finder may know where to carry him. To theſe alſo are added little bells, which ſerve to mark the place where he is, if loſt in the chaſe. He is always carried on the hand, and is obliged to be kept without ſleeping. If he is ſtubborn, and attempts to bite, his head is plunged into water. Thus, by hunger, watching, and fatigue, he is conſtrained to ſubmit to having his head covered by a hood or cowl, which alſo covers his eyes. This troubleſome employment often continues for three days and three nights without ceaſing; it ſeldom happens but at the end of this period, his neceſſities, and the privation of light, make him loſe all idea of liberty, and bring down his natural wildneſs. His maſter judges of his being tamed, when he permits his head to be covered without reſiſtance; and, when uncovered, he contentedly ſeizes the meat before him. The repetition of theſe leſſons by degrees inſures ſucceſs. His wants being the chief principle of his dependence, endeavours are uſed to increaſe his appetite, by giving him little balls of flannel, which he greedily ſwallows. Having thus exerciſed the appetite, care is taken to ſatisfy it; and thus

gratitude attaches the bird to the man who had been tormenting him.

The firſt leſſons having ſucceeded, and the bird ſhewing ſigns of docility, he is carried out upon ſome green, the head is uncovered, and, by flattering him with food at different times, he is taught to jump on the hand, and to continue there.

When confirmed in this habit, it is thought time to make him acquainted with the lure: this lure is only a thing ſtuffed, like the bird which the falcon is deſigned to purſue; ſuch as an heron, a pigeon, or a quail, and on this lure they always take care to give him his food. It is very neceſſary that the bird ſhould not only be acquainted with this, but fond of it, and delicate in his food when ſhewn it.

The uſe of this lure is to flatter him back when he has flown in the air, which he ſometimes fails to do; and it is always requiſite to aſſiſt it by the voice and the ſigns of the maſter. When the familiarity and docility of the bird are ſufficiently confirmed on the green, he is carried into the open fields, but ſtill kept faſt by a ſtring about twenty yards in length. He is then uncovered as before, and the falconer, calling him at ſome paces diſtance, ſhews him the lure. When he flies upon it, he is permitted to take a pretty large piece of the food which is tied to it. The next day the lure is ſhewn him at a greater diſtance, till he comes at laſt to fly to it at the utmoſt length of his ſtring. He is then to be ſhewn the game itſelf alive, but diſabled or tame, which he is deſigned to purſue. After having ſeized this ſeveral times with his ſtring, he is then left entirely at liberty, and carried into the field for the purpoſe of purſuing that which is wild. At that he flies with avidity, and when he has ſeized or killed it, he is brought back by the voice and the lure.

Thus inſtructed, a hawk may be induced to fly at any game whatever: but falconers have chiefly confined their views to ſuch animals as yield them profit by the capture, or pleaſure in the purſuit. The hare, the partridge, and the quail, are a ſufficient recompence for the trouble of taking them; but the moſt delightful ſport is the falcon's purſuit of the heron, the kite, or the woodlark. Inſtead of flying directly forward, as ſome other birds do, theſe, when they ſee themſelves threatened by the approach of the hawk, immediately take to the ſkies: they fly almoſt perpendicularly upward, while their ardent purſuer keeps pace with their flight, and endeavours to riſe above them: thus both diminiſh, by degrees, from the gazing ſpectator below, till they are hidden in the clouds; but they are ſoon after ſeen deſcending, ſtruggling together, and uſing every effort in their power; the one of rapacious inſult, the other of deſperate defence. The unequal combat is ſoon at an end; the falcon comes off victorious, and the other, killed or diſabled, becomes the prey of the falcon, or the falconer.

Other birds are not ſo often purſued, becauſe they generally fly ſtraight forward, and the ſportſman loſes the proſpect of the chaſe; excluſive of the danger of loſing his falcon alſo. The purſuit of the lark, by a couple of merlins, is conſidered (by him only who regards the ſagacity of the chaſe) as one of the moſt delightful ſpectacles this exerciſe can

can afford: the amufement is, to fee one of the merlins climbing to get the afcendant of the lark, while the other, lying low for the beft advantage, waits the fuccefs of its companion's efforts; one ftoops to ftrike its prey, and the other feizes it when it is falling.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM acquainted with an Irifh gentleman of unqueftionable veracity, who has often told me, that he has a friend in Buckinghamfhire, who has now in his poffeffion, a three yr old colt, a dog, and three fheep; who are his conftant attendants in all his walks. The colt, he affures me, when the parlour window (which looks towards the field) is open, has been often known to leap through it, come up to, and carefs his mafter, and leap back to his pafture.

If you think this worthy of infertion in your entertaining Magazine, you may expect other curious facts from

Gentlemen,
Your conftant reader,
And profeffed admirer,
VERUS.

To the EDITORS *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM very happy in having it in my power to furnifh you with an article for your Magazine; from the fingularity of which, I have little doubt of its being admitted.

Your's, &c.
A CONSTANT READER.

Dec. 9, 1793.

Several gentlemen in the town of Prefteign, in Radnorfhire, were concerned in a pack of hounds, of the Southam kind; the gentleman who had the principal care and management of them, one day met with a badger, which he was determined to turn out before his hounds. This he did the next day, and the badger had ten minutes *law* given him:—they took him alive, and bagged him in referve for another day's fport. They ran him three miles only, this firft day.

On the fecond day, they had a very numerous field of horfemen; they turned the badger out, to give him half an hour's *law*, and being determined to have a better day of this, the manager, who was mounted on a very fleet blood horfe, rode after him, to flog him on, that he might be as far as he poffibly could, before the hounds were put on; and he affured me, that it was with the greateft difficulty he now and then got a cut at him with a very long hunting whip, for the badger ran fo faft, at the end of the half hour, the *law* allowed him, the hounds were put on, and they ran him twenty-five miles, in full cry all the way, when he was again taken alive, and bagged; for which purpofe, the huntfman carried a bag under his faddle. He was again put by in referve, for another day's fport; when a Counfellor Jenkins, of that town, begged, if they fhould kill him the next run, that they would give him the hams, as he would have them cured. And I find it is the cuftom of that country to cure the pofteriors of badgers, and eat them for hams.

The next day they turned him out, giving him three quarters *law* this time, refolving, if he could get away, they would not prevent

prevent him. They flogged him in the same manner as the last; but, notwithstanding the extra time they gave him *law*, they only ran him eighteen miles, before they took him alive, and bagged him. This was the third time he had escaped death. He was again conveyed back to his habitation, to be preserved for some future sport; and all the sportsmen returned, hoping to have the pleasure of spending another day at the expence of this extraordinary animal; but in this they were much disappointed, owing to the neglect of the huntsman, whose omission of the articles necessary for his support, precluded the possibility of any future sport, by a premature death.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

FALSE DICE.

A Transaction at a noted gambling-house in Dame-street, Dublin, last month, known by the name of *Hell*, has much engaged the conversation of the fashionable world. A young man of the name of E——t, who by some means had got himself introduced into two of the first clubs, was observed by the groom porter, when playing hazard, to change one of the dice.

The groom porter immediately took up both the dice, and threw a new pair on the table. Being questioned why he did so by some of the players, and very boisterously by this identical youth, he charged him openly with the fact he had committed, and with having in his possession the die he had taken up.

On this, attempting to throw it on the floor, he was detected in the fact by one of the players, and but for the interposition of two young men of fashion who happened to be present, he would probably have fallen an instant sacrifice to the rage and fury of the rest of the company.

*** *Having already given sufficient reasons for our insertion of an Account of New Theatrical Performances, in page* 105, Vol. I. *it is scarcely necessary, (considering how much the elegant structure, now erecting in Drury Lane, for the representation of them, engages the attention of the public) for us to make any apology for the insertion of the following account of the origin of*

DRURY LANE THEATRE,

and a retrospective view of Theatrical Affairs; being fully convinced it will afford both instruction and entertainment to our readers.

EARLY in the last century there was a theatre in this place, which was sometimes called The Phœnix, and sometimes the Cockpit*. Mr. Malone says, "This Theatre had been originally a cockpit. It was built or rebuilt not very long before the year 1617, in which year we learn from 'Camden's Annals of King James the First,' it was pulled down by the mob, 1617. *Martii* 4. *Theatrum Ludionum nuper erectum*, in Drury-lane *à furente multitudine diruitur, et apparatus dilaceratur.*" I suppose it was sometimes called *The Phœnix* from that fabulous bird being its sign. It was situated opposite the castle tavern in Drury Lane, and was standing some time

* Reed's edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. I. Preface, p. 51.

after

after the reſtoration. The players who performed at this theatre in the time of King James the Firſt, were called the queen's ſervants, till the death of Queen Anne in 1619. After her death they were, I think, for ſometime, denominated the Lady Elizabeth's ſervants; and after the marriage of King Charles the Firſt, they regained their former title of the queen's players†. How ſoon the demoliſhed theatre was rebuilt, we are uncertain: but the firſt play in print we can find, which is expreſsly ſaid to have been acted at Drury-lane is "The Wedding," by James Shirley, printed in the year 1629, from which time until the ſilencing the theatre by the fanatics, a regular ſeries of dramas acted there may be produced. On the revival of the ſtage, Sir William Davenant, in the year 1658, took poſſeſſion of it, and performed ſuch pieces as the times would admit, until the eve of the reſtoration. At that period Mr. Rhodes, a bookſeller, who had formerly been wardrobe keeper to the company at the Black-fryars playhouſe, fitted up the cockpit, and began to act plays there with ſuch performers (of which two, Betterton and Kynaſton, had been his apprentices) as he could procure. Soon afterwards two patents being obtained by Sir William Davenant and Thomas Killegrew, Rhodes's company were taken under the protection of the former, and with him went to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and were ſtiled ſervants of the Duke of York.

The company collected by Killegrew were called the King's ſervants, and acted firſt in a houſe near Clare-market. But this theatre being not well adapted for the uſe to which it was appropriated, a more convenient one was erected on the ſcite of the preſent theatre, which was opened 8th of April, 1662.

This theatre laſted but a ſhort time. In January 1671 2, it took fire, and was entirely demoliſhed. The violence of the conflagration was ſo great, that between fifty and ſixty adjoining houſes were burnt or blown up‡. After the conſternation occaſioned by this accident had ſubſided, the proprietors reſolved to rebuild the theatre, with ſuch improvements as might be ſuggeſted, and for that Purpoſe employed Sir Chriſtopher Wren, the moſt celebrated architect of his time, to draw the deſign and ſuperintend the execution of it. The plan which he produced, in the opinion of thoſe who were well able to judge of it, was ſuch a one as was alike calculated for the advantage of the performers and ſpectators; and the ſeveral alterations afterwards made in it, ſo far from being improvements, contributed only to defeat the intention of the architect, and to ſpoil the building.

On this ſubject it may be proper to hear the opinion of a very competent judge. Mr. Cibber, in his Apology, (edition 1750, p. 338) ſpeaking of the alterations in the Haymarket Theatre, built by Sir John Vanburgh, ſays,

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† See octavo edition of Shakeſpeare, 1793, Vol. II. p. 162.

‡ See Reed's Preface, p. 88. To ſome of our readers it will be matter of ſurprize that there ſhould have been a brief read through the kingdom for the benefit of the ſufferers. In the Regiſter of Symondſbury, in the county of Dorſet, is the following entry: "1673, April 27th, collected by brief for the Theatre Royal in London being burnt, the ſum of two ſhillings."

JOHN WAY, Curate.
JAMES MOREY, } Church-Wardens.
GEORGE SEAL, }

"As

"As there are not many ſpectators who may remember what form the Drury Lane Theatre ſtood in about forty years ago, before the old patentee, to make it hold more money, took it into his head to alter it, it were but juſtice to lay the original figure which Sir Chriſtopher Wren firſt gave it, and the alterations of it now ſtanding, in a fair light, that equal ſpectators may ſee, if they were at their choice, which of the ſtructures would incline them to a preference. It muſt be obſerved then, that the area or platform of the old ſtage projected about four feet forwarder, in a ſemi-oval figure, parallel to the benches of the pit; and that the former lower doors of entrance for the actors were brought down between the two foremoſt (and then only) pilaſters; in the place of which doors now the two ſtage-boxes are fixt. That where the doors of entrance now are, there formerly ſtood two additional ſide-wings, in front to a full ſet of ſcenes, which had then almoſt a double effect in their loftineſs and magnificence. By this original form, the uſual ſtation of the actors, in almoſt every ſcene, was advanced at leaſt ten feet nearer to the audience than they now can be; becauſe not only from the ſtage's being ſhortened in front, but likewiſe from the additional interpoſition of thoſe ſtage boxes, the actors (in reſpect of the ſpectators that fill them) are kept ſo much more backward from the main audience than they uſed to be; but when the actors were in poſſeſſion of that forwarder ſpace to advance upon, the voice was then more in the centre of the houſe, ſo that the moſt diſtant ear had ſcarce the leaſt doubt or difficulty in hearing what fell from the weakeſt utterance; all objects were thus drawn nearer to the ſenſe; every painted ſcene was ſtronger; every grand ſcene and dance more extended; every rich or fine coloured habit had a more lively luſtre; nor was the minuteſt motion of a feature (properly changing with the paſſion or humour it ſuited) ever loſt; as they frequently muſt be in the obſcurity of too great a diſtance: and how valuable an advantage the facility of hearing diſtinctly is to every well-acted ſcene, every common ſpectator is a judge: a voice ſcarce raiſed above the tone of a whiſper, either in tenderneſs, reſignation, innocent diſtreſs, or jealouſy ſuppreſſed, often has as much concern with the heart as the clamorous paſſions; and when on any of theſe occaſions ſuch affecting ſpeeches are plainly heard or loſt, how wide is the difference from the great or little ſatisfaction received from them!" Theſe obſervations are too judicious to need being pointed out to the conſtructors of theatres.

The New Theatre being finiſhed, was opened on the 26th of March, 1674. On this occaſion, a prologue and epilogue were delivered, both written by Mr. Dryden, in which the plainneſs and want of ornament in the houſe, compared with that in Dorſet Gardens, were particularly mentioned. The encouragement given to the latter, on account of its ſcenery and decorations, was not forgotten; and, as an apology for the deficiency of embelliſhment, the direction of his majeſty is expreſsly aſſerted*.

The population of London at this period, or the taſte of the times, appears inſufficient to main-

* Reed's Preface, p. 91.

maintain two theatres. It was therefore agreed, a few years after, by the patentees, to unite the companies, and perform only at one theatre (Drury-lane). After various changes both the patents came into the poſſeſſion of Chriſtopher Rich, who having miſconducted himſelf in the management, was ſilenced by the Chamberlain in 1709, from which time the Drury-lane company ceaſed to act under the authority of either of King Charles's patents. In the firſt year of George I. a licence was granted to Sir Richard Steele, for his life and three years afterwards, to eſtabliſh a company, which, under the management of himſelf, Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, continued to act with great ſucceſs at Drury-lane, until the deaths of the two former, and the ſeceſſion of the latter, threw the property of the theatre, in the year 1733, into the hands of Mr. Highmore; who being ruined by the ſcheme, the theatre was purchaſed by Charles Fleetwood, whoſe management terminated equally unfortunate with that of his predeceſſor. In 1747, the ſucceſsful management of Meſſrs. Garrick and Lacy commenced, which continued until the year 1776, when the property paſſed to the preſent proprietors, who having purchaſed the dormant Killegrew patent, are rebuilding the theatre with ſome ſlight alterations.

We mention ſome ſlight variations which Mr. Holland's plan is likely to undergo, as we underſtand the piazzas, which form a part of his original deſign, are not to be retained.

THEATRE, COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW comedy was preſented on Saturday evening, Nov. 23d, under the title of THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.—It is the production of O'KEEFE. The general idea, as far as it goes to concentre the oddities of "A mad World" in a country town, is ſo good, that we are reluctantly confined in our comments on this very ſingular production.

The following are the principal characters:

Grigſby -	Mr. Lewis
Charles Willows -	Mr. Holman
William Bellevue	Mr. Middleton
Mr. Willows -	Mr. Hull
Mr. Allbut -	Mr. Quick
Jacky Allbut -	Mr. Fawcett
Hedgeworth -	Mr. M'Ready
Jollyboy (the Miller)	Mr. Munden
Dutch Captain -	Mr. Cubitt
Sir Henry Check	Mr. Powell
Capt. Mulinahack	Mr. Johnſtone
Mrs. Allbut -	Mrs. Mattocks
Mrs. Bellevue -	Mrs. Fawcett
Maria -	Mrs. Mountain
Louiſa -	Mrs. Eſten

Charles Willows leaves his native village in ſearch of a fortune in India. He acquires there a ſum of 200,000l. with which, after an abſence of ten years, he returns to Europe. Young Bellevue, his friend, ſets out on the ſame career, but with different ſucceſs. The fortune of Willows is brought home in Dutch veſſels, which are taken by the French, but afterwards retaken by the valour and example of a ſingle Engliſh ſailor. The owner of this proud cargo haſtening home by a different conveyance, is ſhipwrecked, and arrives at his native village, in the garb of diſtreſs. He finds every thing changed; his father and ſiſter Maria reduced from opulence to ſervitude. The manorhouſe of the widow Bellevue is in the hands of the Allbuts, the one a vulgar clerk, and the other an affected lady, and a poeteſs of the modern ſchool.—Amongſt other

other changes he finds Grigſby, the leading oddity of the piece, grown from a barber into a ſurgeon and phyſician! Willows finds nothing in his firſt addreſs, but that contempt and repulſion which are the uſual attendants on poverty.

The diſcovery of his riches changes inſtantly the ſcene. The inſolence of the Allbut's is converted into ſervility, their example is followed by the whole village, with the exception of the honeſt miller. On the arrival of Bellevue, he diſcovers that the friend of his youth was the individual ſailor whoſe valour ſaved his property. He falls in love with Louiſa, a young lady, whoſe charities have for ſome time been the ſupport and admiration of the village. After ſome equivoques, rather too tediouſly ſpun out, the Allbut's are made to reſtore her fortune to the widow Bellevue; young Bellevue is made happy in the poſſeſſion of Maria, and Willows is united to Louiſa.

This is a brief ſketch of the plot. It has many ſcenes of ſtrong humour, and others of forcible ſympathy. It offers a maſterly rough draft, and received a ſtrong and general applauſe on the falling of the curtain.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

RECENT ANECDOTE.

A COUPLE of Leiceſter ſportſmen, the beginning of this month, were beating the meadows about Aylſtone, and one of them taking aim at a ſnipe, brought it down on the other ſide of the canal which has lately been cut near that place, and contains water breaſt high. Unable to croſs the water, and come at their prize, they engaged a working man, for ſixpence, to ſtrip and carry them over. The fellow performed his engagement with one of them, and then, after carrying the other as far as the middle of the water, he declared he would ſet him down in that place, unleſs he would give him a ſhilling. This being poſitively refuſed, the man kept his word, and throwing his rider off his ſhoulders into the water, ran off. Our ſportſman, who is eſteemed a good ſhot, however took his revenge, for, as the fellow was mounting the bank, he diſcharged his fowling-piece, and lodged the whole contents in his poſteriors. The man, we learn, is ſeverely though not dangerouſly wounded; twenty or thirty of the ſhots have already been extracted. The ſportſman, who is one of the faculty, has generouſly lent his aſſiſtance, and having adminiſtered a doſe ſo likely to cure the fellow's pranks in future, he is perfectly content with the ducking he himſelf received on the occaſion.

ON HUNTING.
LETTER XI.

FOX HUNTING.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

ONCE more have I ſeized the pen, to communicate to you ſome additional obſervations on the ſcience of the chaſe. Fox-hunting was the burthen of my laſt epiſtle to you, and fox-hunting ſhall be the ſubject of the preſent. A ſubject which is almoſt inexhauſtible.

Two

Two things are effentially neceffary to be obferved by the fox-hunter, viz. the one is to make his hounds fteady, and the other is to make them all draw. Many huntfmen delight in having them at their horfe's heels; but they can never get fo well or fo foon together, as when they fpread the cover: of this I am convinced; befides I have often known, when there have been but a few finders, that they have found their fox, gone down the wind, and been heard of no more the whole day.

An unfteady old hound fhould never be taken out: young ones properly awed from riot, and that will ftop at a rate, may be put into the pack, a few at a time; but a vicious old hound fhould not efcape hanging, whatever good qualities he may have in other refpects.

There is infinite pleafure in hearing a fox well found. When you approach his kennel, with a good drag, the chorus increafing as you go, affords inexpreffible delight.

Much depends on the firft finding of your fox: a fox well found, may be faid to be half killed. People are generally in too great a hurry upon this occafion; there is an enthufiafm attending this diverfion, which in this particular, ought always to be reftrained. Sportfmen are frequently too noify, and too fond of encouraging their hounds, which feldom do their bufinefs fo well as when little is faid to them. The hounds are always mad enough when they find their fox—it is not therefore neceffary that the men fhould be mad alfo.

"A gentleman of my acquaintance," fays the author of Thoughts on Hunting, "who hunts his own hounds, and is not lefs eager than the reft of us, yet very well knows the bad confequences of being fo, to prevent this fault in himfelf, always begins by taking a pinch of fnuff; he then fings part of an old fong, *Some fay that care killed the cat*, &c. By this time his hounds get together, and fettle to the fcent. He then halloos, and rides as if the devil drove."

The huntfman fhould fet off with his foremoft hounds, and keep as clofe to them afterwards as he conveniently can; nor can any harm arife from it if he poffeffes common fenfe. None of the hounds can then flip down the wind, and get out of the hearing; he will alfo fee how far they carry the fcent, a very neceffary requifite, for without it, he cannot make a caft with any degree of certainty.

It is not lefs neceffary for the huntfman to be active in preffing his hounds forward, while the fcent is good, than prudent in not hurrying them beyond it, when it is bad. But this remark requires fome qualification.—Preffing hounds on is, perhaps, an imprudent expreffion; as more harm may be done by preffing them beyond the fcent, when it is good, than when it is bad. It means no more, however, than to get forward the tail hounds, and to encourage the others to pufh on, as faft as they can, while the fcent ferves them.

It is of the utmoft confequence to the fport, that the huntfman fhould be a good horfeman; if he is not, he cannot be of much ufe; for the firft thing, and the very *fine qua non* of a fox-hunter, is to ride up to his headmoft hounds. He fhould be ready, at all

all times, to lend them that assistance which they so frequently need, and which, when they are first at a fault, is then most critical. A fox-hound, at that time, will exert himself most; he afterwards cools, and becomes more indifferent about his game. If a huntsman does not get forward enough to take advantage of this eagerness and impetuosity, and direct it properly, he seldom knows enough of hunting to be of any considerable use to them afterwards.

It is to be understood that nine foxes out of ten, with the wind in the same quarter, will follow the same tract: it is easy therefore for the whipper-in to cut short, and catch the hounds again. With a high scent, you cannot push on your hounds too much. Screams keep the fox forward, as well as keep the hounds together, or let in the tail hounds: they also enliven the sport, and, used with discretion, are of great service; but, in cover, they should be used with caution.

Observations on the stile of hunting, &c. will form a part of the next epistle from

Your's, &c.

ACASTUS.

BREEDING *and* REARING GAME COCKS.

(Concluded from page 33.)

IT is requisite that you should know the goodness of the chickens which you have already bred, before you breed another whole season from the same cock and hen: but do not cut them out, as some persons do, who think if they die game they must be good ones: for instance, some gentlemen's cocks, though very good game, have been easily beat by half-bred cocks, which have been good strikers; whereas, if they had made as good use of their heels as their antagonist's, they would soon have made them run away.

But, to be ingenuous, the method you should follow to find out their goodness, is to choose three or four that are shortest upon leg (because they are fittest to fight when stags) from those which were hatched in the early part of the season, and if you are concerned in a match about February or March, have them weighed in: if you should not have any concern with a match, lend them where you are sure they will be well looked after, and by staking the battle-money they fight for, you may have them weighed to fight in the main; and, as you would not have lent them but for a creditable match, they consequently will have to fight with good cocks. If you lend four, it is probable that three may fight; but there is great odds that one does, and about an equal chance that two of them do: but let us suppose that three fight, you would be to blame to back them, (as it would indeed be judgment for you to lay against them to the amount of the battle-money) for though your stags may be much better than the cocks they fight against, yet, if it should be a long battle, the cocks must win without a mere chance, which good sportsmen never will rely upon.

It is also necessary that you should inform yourself, if you can, whose cocks your stags fight against, and what character they bear; as by so doing you will be a better judge of what your stags are able to perform: a strict attention should also be paid to their manner of fighting; for if they

they keep the battle upon an equal poife againft good cocks, and only feem to be beat by age, be not out of humour, nor think of breaking the necks of thofe at their walk, as you may expect great things from them when they become cocks. Suppofing they fhould behave in this manner, breed from the fame cock and hens again the next feafon; and fhould they win the odd battle when cocks, be very careful of your brood cock; if you are, and keep him from the hens during the latter part of the feafon, you may breed from him feven or eight years, as a cock that will get good chickens, being a very valuable acquifition to a breeder.

When it is faid, that you may breed from your cock fo many feafons, it is not meant that it fhould always be from the fame hens, neither is there any occafion to crofs them every feafon; for if they are good, be contented (and do not let every cock you fee fight a good battle, induce you to breed from him); for by putting your young hens to your old cock, and a young cock to your old hens, you may keep them in their full vigour for four years at leaft. But never breed from ftags or pullets without your old ones, as no fowls can ever be poffeffed of every neceffary requifite to breed from till they have moulted twice; and when you do crofs your breed, be very careful what fort you do it with, and the nearer the colour of your own the better, as the produce will run more regular in feather.

Permit me, however, to recommend to you, to tranfact the bufinefs relative to the trying of your ftags with fecrecy, without the knowledge even of the perfon who feeds them: which you may effect by cutting off the points of your ftag's heels when you take them from their walks, and fending them as cocks: but if he fhould fufpect them to be ftags (as he probably will if he underftands his bufinefs) and afks you, do not inform him, nor tell him they are your own breeding, or that they are all of one fort: by which means, whether they are good or bad, no perfon will be acquainted with their properties; for, if they fhould turn out to be of the firft rate, and you have informed your feeder that they are your own, and you have a great many brothers, he communicates the fecret to his helpers, and they to their companions; the confequence will be, that when your cocks come to fight the next year, you will not be able to get a bet, without laying fix to four; and fuppofing you lay an equal fum on every battle, and your cocks fhould win three out of five in one day's fighting, you will be juft even in your bets; but if they fhould lofe three out of five, the next day, and you kept laying guineas, you would be ten lofer.

Further to prevent any one from knowing that your cocks are of a fort, when you mark your chickens, do it two or three different ways; but truft not to your own memory upon thefe occafions, let it be ever fo good; for by having two or three forts, each marked in a different manner, confufion may arife, if the particulars are not inferted in a book.

When any gentleman has an intention of fighting a match, whether for one day or for a week, he fhould, before he comes to an agreement, vifit all his walks to fee if the cocks are fafe, and in a condition

condition fit to be taken up: if they are, the next thing to be confidered, is to fecure a feeder; one whofe cocks he has known to fight well during the courfe of many matches, and not by his only having the name of a good feeder; for many have acquired that name with little or no pretenfions to it, and if they have had the good fortune to win a match or two, it has not been fo much owing to their good feeding, as by the excellent ftrings of cocks which have been fent in by the gentlemen who employed them.

Take care alfo to fecure a good fetter-to, one whom you have feen often and know to be clever: for it is the fame with this art, as that concerning feeding: many pretend to be adepts in it, who know not when a cock wants reft, or when he fhould be compelled to fight. The winning of a match depends principally upon thefe two perfons; for a good feeder, and a good fetter-to, win a match with an indifferent ftring of cocks, againft a bad feeder and fetter-to with an excellent one. And as there are generally fome who have infinitely more merit than others in this art, he who fecures them in his intereft will confequently have a great advantage over his adverfary.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEATH *of* LORD KING.

ON Saturday, November 23d, this nobleman died, at his feat at Oakham, in Surrey. The caufe of his death is faid to be the gout in the ftomach, with which diforder he had been afflicted for a number of years. He is fucceeded in his title and eftates by his eldeft fon, now a ftudent in Trinity College, Cambridge.

His Lordfhip had a number of good points about him; but his ftrictnefs, with regard to the prefervation of game about his manors, made him rather unpopular among his neighbours. His feverity, in whatever related to the game laws, he carried to an excefs of tyranny and oppreffion, that made him for feveral years previous to his death the terror of poachers.

The title of Lord King was firft beftowed upon one of his Lordfhip's anceftors, in the year 1723. Some of the family have ferved in feveral high offices of ftate.

Mr. Haftings, by his death, lofes (amongft the many which he has already loft) another of his judges.

Lord King has left, befides his fon, a very beautiful widow.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Inftance of DOCILITY *in* MAIL COACH HORSES.

THE docility of that ufeful animal the horfe, and the benefits to be derived from a proper management of him, cannot be better exemplified than in the following authentic ftatement: At fix o'clock on Tuefday morning, Dec. 3d, every thing was prepared for the departure of the mail coach from Ipfwich to Yarmouth; whilft the coachman was receiving his way bill and directions in the office, the guard got up to his feat with the fmall bags as ufual, and no one at the moment being near at hand, he afked the horfekeeper, who was ftanding at their heads, to give him up the large bag; which he, (the horfe-keeper) had

but

but just done, when the horses set off with the coach, in which were a young woman and a pilot, the former of whom jumped out unhurt, the latter, however, kept his station; the horse-keeper, coachman, &c. ran out immediately to stop the horses, (who proceeded on their journey, taking the different turns with the same regularity as if they had a driver) but they could not come up with them;—the guard finding this, jumped off his seat, and joined in the chace, but all to no purpose: he therefore returned to the inn, and as soon as possible, set off in a post chaise after the coach: about four miles on the road he took up the coachman and the young woman, and proceeded with them to Martlesham-bridge, (two miles further) where they found the coach had just turned over against the bridge, without either the pilot or the carriage having received any injury.

The coach was met by several people, who, from the steady pace the horses went at, never imagined them to be without a driver, and of course made no attempt to stop them.—The turn-pike man also threw open the gates for them as usual, which they cleared and then passed on, and even down Martlesham hill, a steep descent, they kept a steady course;—their going over the bridge, instead of going through the water, alone occasioned the overturning of the coach; which, however, was soon righted, and reached the place of destination at its usual time.

SIGNS *of the* CHANGE *of* WEATHER *from the* ANIMAL CREATION. *For the use of Anglers, Fox-hunters, and Sportsmen of all Denominations.*

SO long as the swallows fly aloft after their prey, we think ourselves sure of a serene sky; but when they skim along near the ground, or the surface of the water, we suppose the rain not far off, and the observation will seldom fail. In the year 1775 a drought of three months continuance broke up at the summer solstice: the day before the rain came upon us, the swallows flew very near the ground, which they had never done in the fine weather.

In the mountainous part of Derbyshire, which goes by the name of *the Peak*, the inhabitants observe, that if the sheep wind up the hills in the morning to their pasture, and feed near the tops, the weather, though cloudy and drizzling, which is very frequently the case in those parts, will clear away by degrees, and terminate in a fine day; but if they feed in the bottoms, the rain will continue and increase.

Dogs grow sleepy and stupid before rain, and shew that their stomachs are out of order, by refusing their food and eating a sort of grass which is thence denominated dog's grass: this they cast up again soon afterwards, and with it the foulness that offended their stomachs. Water fowl dive and wash themselves more than ordinary; and even the fish in rivers are affected; all anglers agreeing in opinion that they never bite freely when rain is depending. Flies, on the contrary, are particularly troublesome, and seem to be more hungry than usual; and toads are seen in the evening, crawling across the road or beaten paths, where they seldom appear but when they are restless with an approaching change.

Before any considerable quantity of rain is to fall, most living creatures are affected in such a manner,

manner, as to render them in ſome degree ſenſible of its approach, and of the acceſs of ſomething new to the ſurface of the earth, and of the atmoſphere. Moles work harder than ordinary, throw up more earth, and ſometimes come forth: the worms do the ſame; ants are obſerved to ſtir about, and buſtle more than uſually for ſome time; and then retire to their burrows before the rain falls. All ſorts of inſects and flies are more ſtirring and buſy than ordinary. Bees are ever, on this occaſion, in fulleſt employ; but they repair to their hives, if they are not at too great a diſtance for them to reach, before the ſtorm ariſes. The common fleſh flies are more bold and greedy: ſnails, frogs, and toads appear diſturbed and uneaſy. Fiſh are ſullen, and made qualmiſh by the water, now more turbid than before. Birds of all ſorts are in action: crows are more earneſt after their prey, as are alſo ſwallows, and other ſmall birds; and therefore they fall lower, and fly nearer the earth in ſearch of inſects, and ſuch other proviſion as they feed upon. When the mountains of the north begin to be capped with fogs, the moorcocks and other birds quit them, fly off in flocks, and betake themſelves to the lower lands for the time. Swine diſcover great uneaſineſs; as well as ſheep, cows, and oxen; appearing more ſolicitous and eager in paſture than uſual. Even mankind themſelves are not exempt from ſome ſenſe of change at the approach of a conſiderable quantity of rain.

Againſt rain flees bite more than common, and ſpiders crawl abroad. On the contrary, ſpider's webs in the air, or on the graſs, or trees, foretel very fair and hot weather: ſo do bees when they fly far from their hives, and return late home: the ſame is predicted by a more than uſual appearance of glow-worms by night. If gnats play up and down in the open air, near ſunſet, they preſage heat; if in the ſhade, warm and mild ſhowers; but if they join in ſtinging thoſe who paſs by them, cold weather and much rain may be expected. Larks riſing very high, and continuing to ſing for a long time, and kites flying aloft, are ſigns of dry and fair weather. In men, frequently aches, wounds, and corns are more troubleſome, either towards rain, or towards froſt.

The crow has been particularly remarked by the ancients to preſage rain, when ſhe caws, and walks alone on the ſea-ſhore, or on the banks of rivers and pools. Thus Virgil in the firſt Georgic, as tranſlated by Dryden—

> The crow with clam'rous cries the ſhow'r demands,
> And ſingly ſtalks along the deſert ſands.

Pliny makes the ſame obſervation in the 35th chap. of his 18th book: *Et cum terreſtes volucres contra aquas clangores fundentes, ſed maxime cornix.*—"It is a ſign of rain when land-fowls, and eſpecially crows, are clamorous near the waters, and waſh themſelves."

Horace alſo expreſſes himſelf to the ſame purpoſe, in the 17th Ode of the 3d book.

"There is a ſmall bird, (ſays Mr. Worlidge) of the ſize and nearly the ſhape of a martin, which, at certain times, flies very near the water: this is a ſure prognoſtic of tempeſtuous weather; as it never appears but againſt ſuch weather. They have been conſtantly obſerved by the boatmen on the Severn, and the channel

Channel between the Iſle of Wight and the main land."

The ſame gentleman obſerves that, "Ducks and geeſe picking their wings, waſhing themſelves much, or cackling much, denotes rain."

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

AS your entertaining Magazine is read by every ſportſman in the kingdom, I have taken the liberty to requeſt ſome of them would favour me with a little advice, in regard to the following circumſtance:

Being a *young* perſon of ſome landed property, in a celebrated ſporting country, and an admirer of that *noble animal* a *horſe.* I have amuſed myſelf with breeding: and having a *horſe* got by Alfred, which is remarkably *fleet*, I have matched him againſt a *mare* got by Phlegon, both five years old, weights eight ſtone ten pounds each, bridles and ſaddles excluded, one four-mile heat for *fifty guineas*, pp. The *real* owner of the mare is, I find, a *man* of *very indifferent character*, and *one* who profeſſedly *lives* by the *Turf*, and the *odds*, being greatly in favour of *my horſe*, have been taken to a conſiderable amount by my *opponent*, and *his confederates*, ſome of whom I find have been *tampering* with my *groom*, who was the perſon I intended ſhould ride for me. Therefore, I ſhall be much obliged to ſome of your writers to inform me, through the medium of your Magazine, whether they think it poſſible for me to reduce my weight, without injuring my health, from nine ſtone three, to eight ſtone ten pounds? And alſo to inform me of the methods uſed by jockeys in general to decreaſe their weight; as it will be the means, ſhould I be ſo fortunate as to win, of gaining me ſome reputation as a *rider*, of which I ſhould be very proud, and of *puniſhing* ſome of thoſe *peſts of ſociety*, to whoſe *diabolical frauds and impoſitions*, may be *juſtly* laid the entire *ruin* and *beggary* of ſo many *fair* and *honourable ſportſmen*. Hoping that for the general advantage of *juvenile ſportſmen*, you will not fail to inſert this in your next Magazine,

I remain, &c.

A Lover of the Turf,
And an Enemy to Black-legs.

Donc——r,
Dec. 6th, 1793.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I BEG the favour of a place in your Magazine for the following article.

Your's, &c.

A. B.

Cheſter,
Dec. 10, 1793.

"FRAILTY, thy name is woman!"—The whimſicality of the circumſtance attending the following wedding, may perhaps challenge the hiſtory of *honourable attachments* from the days of Adam to the preſent hour.—A widow, in her 64th year, who lately buried her 4th huſband, and who is a reſident at Boughton, near this city, was aſked in church, a few Sundays ago, to a youth of nineteen; and on Monday fortnight the happy pair proceeded to tie the nuptial nooſe.—Luckily, however, the young man's

man's master, having had timely intimation of the affair, attended, and happily rescued him from the impending danger. The poor, forlorn, and forsaken dame, returning home with a woeful countenance, having lost a purse of 42s. she had given her beloved, in addition to the more precious treasure a husband, was met on the way, by a male friend, who, with rather a cheerful countenance, accosted her, "Well, Mary, how do you do? I'm sorry to see you look so poorly!" To whom Mary (bursting into tears) related her sad loss. "Is that all!" exclaimed he; "Why then, look thee, Mary, my dear wife died about an hour ago, I'm now going to get a coffin for her, and if it will be the same thing to thee, I'll marry you in two or three days myself." This very charitable offer rather pacified the poor widow, and she gave him her hand. Accordingly, on the Monday following, she procured a licence, bespoke a dinner at the Plume of Feathers in Boughton, and had every thing prepared for the happy consummation; but alas! the cup was again dashed from the lip, by the wayward circumstance of the intended bridegroom having paid more attention to the jolly god than to the tender goddess; in short, when they were to go to church, he was almost speechless drunk. In this dilemma what was to be done? The heart of the tender widow was again suddenly depressed, till a young, sprightly Welchman, an entire stranger, started up, and very charitably said, "Name of Got, before the dinner shall spoil, Mary marry me, me marry Mary." The offer was no sooner made than the bargain was struck, and in less than an hour the parties was in church with a fresh licence. The ceremony being speedily run through, they returned *(one and indivisible)* amidst a group of congratulating friends and wondering spectators. Dinner over, and the glass going merrily round, all was happiness and joy, till another dark cloud burst in upon the scene: A brawny-fisted Cambrian lass entered the room, with a brace of constables and a warrant, on a charge of bastardy against the bridegroom, upon whom (notwithstanding the prominence of her *pad)* the young lady fell with an arm of vengeance, that soon decorated his eyes, and made his face a melancholy spectacle of incontinence. She then took his hat, neck handkerchief, shoes, buckles, &c. and he must have infallibly gone to *durance vile* that night, but for his beloved bride, who sold her winter stock of potatoes, store pig, and a faithful donkey, (long the carrier of her late spouse) with several other articles, to satisfy the parish for the young expected stranger. The conviviality of the company was then resumed till a late hour—and the happiness of this affectionate couple is now—*not to be told.*

Woodcock Shooting.

As a further proof of the hint given in our last, of our intention of completing a set of prints on *sporting subjects*, we now offer to our readers an elegant engraving, characteristic of Woodcock Shooting; the directions necessary to the sportsman, will be found in page 285 of our first volume.

Although

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COCK SHOOTING.

Published by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, Jan.y 1. 1794.

**** *Although it seldom happens, that any other decisions in the Courts of Law than what relates to the* GAME LAWS, *or respecting* HORSES, *claim the attention of the Sportsman, yet the following is so truly ludicrous, that we cannot refrain from preserving it for the entertainment of our readers.*

HUNT *v.* HART.

MR. ERSKINE stated, that his client was a *Hair-dresser*, and that he had been violently assaulted by the defendant, who was an attorney. It happened that John Crosier Hart, the defendant, had a house-keeper of the name of Betty, of whom he became so enamoured, and at the same time so jealous, that whoever had been so unfortunate as to be smitten with the charms of Mrs. Betty, or to cast their eyes on the lady, became the object of the defendant's resentment. On the first of September, it appeared that this amorous attorney had conceived that the plaintiff had been making too free with Lady Betty, and, in a fit of jealousy, and

> "Flush'd with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,"

repaired to the house of the plaintiff, who at that time was at chapel. The defendant went a second time to the house of the plaintiff, whom he found at home, and beat and abused in an unmerciful manner. It should be recollected, that this assault took place in September, and that in October the defendant married Betty. This circumstance, therefore, must have acquitted the plaintiff of the charge of any criminal conversation with Mrs. Betty.—This violent attack upon a man, even in his own house, was of so serious a nature, as no doubt would call forth the severe animadversion of the jury.

The apprentice of the plaintiff proved the assault. He said the defendant came to the house of his master, about ten o'clock at night, and swore at him. He said, "You have taken Betty to Mr. Hill's chapel, and made a wh—re of her—damn you, Sir, will you fight? I will teach you to shoot shot for shot!" After this, Hart struck the plaintiff, and knocked him down.

Mr. Mingay, on behalf of the defendant, lamented that the Helen, about whom all this noise had been made in the world, had been married, his client had therefore been deprived of the benefit of her testimony. An altercation took place between the parties—his client had given the plaintiff a slight touch upon the temple, and down came the shaver. There must of necessity be a verdict for the plaintiff; but the jury he trusted, would, on taking the whole matter into their consideration, give but mere nominal damages.

Lord Kenyon—"Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff, by the evidence, is certainly entitled to your verdict; but the ridiculous figure that the defendant has exhibited here to-day, are pretty severe damages, if little else be added to them."

The Jury, after a short consultation, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 5l.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

MR. GEOFFREY GAMBADO, to whom the world is indebted for a very elaborate work, entitled

entitled "*An Academy for Grown Horsemen*," was, like many other *celebrated characters*, perpetually pestered by his friends, for advice in every *difficult case* respecting HORSES and their RIDERS; like them also, he hit upon an expedient, which prevented a repetition of such applications from many of them, and which, in some degree, relieved him from those embarrassments that many a man of equal abilities with himself too frequently labour under.

Mr. Gambado's feelings were of too fine a texture for him to fix any price upon the advice given to those who had the good fortune to consult him; but he seemed to intimate, that *something genteel would be expected*, and there has been instances, which his *letters* will fully testify, where, out of *five shillings* left in the hands of his maid, *three* have turned out to be bad—this was *doing the thing genteely*, as my friend Latitat says, with a witness. But it is the lot of many a great man to be some time or other unfortunate.

It may appear rather singular, that the epistolary mode is adopted, when it would have been so much better to have consulted Mr. Gambado personally; but I beg leave to differ from those who are of that opinion, well knowing, from the situation of my own affairs, that communications by *letter* are much more *convenient*.

As I am persuaded that many of the letters received from his correspondents, together with the ingenuity of his replies, are well worth the attention of the readers of your excellent publication, I have, to save you trouble, (not doubting but your time is much taken up) transcribed *The Rev. Mr. Nutmeg's* letter, together with Mr. Geoffrey's answer; which, if thought worthy of insertion, may induce me to employ my time further in your service.

Your's, &c.

O. P. Q.

Dec. 20, 1793.

SIR,

"BEING informed that you are now at home, and desirous of giving every information in your power to those who may stand in need of it, respecting their horses, I beg leave to submit my case to you; which, considering how fond I am of the chace, you must admit to be a lamentable one. Relying however, Sir, as I do, on your philanthropy (I should more properly say philippigy), and that zeal in the cause which has so long characterized you, I make do doubt but the small difficulties I now labour under will be soon surmounted."

You must know, Sir, I am very fond of hunting, and live in as fine a scenting country as any in the kingdom. The soil is pretty stiff, the leaps large and frequent, and a great deal of timber to get over. Now, Sir, my brown horse is a very capital hunter; and though he is slow, and I cannot absolutely ride over the hounds (indeed the country is so enclosed, that I do not see so much of them as I could wish), yet, in the end, he brings me in before the huntsman goes home with the dogs: so, thus far, I have no reason to complain. Now, Sir, my brown horse is a noble leaper, and never gave me a fall in his life in that way; but he has got an awkward trick (though he clears every thing with his fore legs in a capital stile, of leaving

leaving the other two on the wrong ſide of the fence; and if the gate or ſtile happens to be in a ſound ſtate, it is a work of time and trouble to get his hind legs over. He clears a ditch finely indeed, with two feet, but the others conſtantly fall in; that it gives me a ſtrange pain in my back, very like what is called a lumbago; and unleſs you kindly ſtand my friend, and inſtruct me how I am to bring theſe hind legs after me, I fear I ſhall never get rid of it. If you pleaſe, Sir, you may ride him a hunting yourſelf any day you will pleaſe to appoint, and you ſhall be heartily welcome. You will then be better enabled to give me your advice; you can't have a proper conception of the jerks he will give you, without trying him."

I am, &c.

NIC. NUTMEG, Clerk.

Hinderclay, near Bodeſdale, Suffolk.

P. S. I hope what I have encloſed is genteel.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.

The ANSWER.

"REVEREND SIR,

"YOUR brown horſe being ſo good a hunter, and as you obſerve, having ſo fine a notion of leaping, I ſhould be happy if I could be of any ſervice in aſſiſting you to make his two hind legs follow the others; but, as you obſerve, they ſeem ſo very perverſe and obſtinate, that I cheriſh but ſmall hopes of prevailing upon them.

"I have look'd, and found many ſuch caſes, but no cure. However in examining my papers, I have found out ſomething that may prove of ſervice to you, in your very lamentable caſe.

"An hoſtler, (or oſteler, for ſo I believe it is uſually written, though I find in the moſt learned dictionary in our language, which explains ſome thouſands of words more than Johnſon, that it is vulgarly and improperly written oſtteler, for otſteler, query oat-ſtealer, and this, it muſt be allowed, appears to be the true word), an otſteler then has informed me, that it is a common trick played upon bagſters, or London riders, when they are not generous enough to the ſervants in the inn, for a wicked boy or two to watch one of them, as he turns out of the gate-way, and to pop a buſh or ſtick under his horſe's tail, which he inſtantly brings down upon the ſtick, and holds it faſt, kicking at the ſame time at ſuch a rate as to diſlodge the bagman that beſtrides him. Suppoſe, then, when your horſe has flown over a gate or ſtile in his own way, with his fore legs only, you were to diſmount and clap your whip or ſtick, properly under his tail, and then mount again; the putting him in a little motion will ſet him on his kicking principles in a hurry, and its ten to one but, by this means, you get his hind legs to follow the others. You will be able, perhaps, to extricate your ſtick from its place of confinement, when you are up and over (if you a'nt down); but ſhould you not, it is but ſixpence gone. I ſend you this as a mere ſurmiſe; perhaps it may anſwer, perhaps not.

"I thank you for your offer, which is a very kind one, but I beg to be excuſed accepting it; all my ambition being to add to the theory, with as little practice as poſſible." I am, &c.

G. GAMBADO.

N. B. What you encloſed was perfectly genteel, and agreeable too.

THE

THE

FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A CURIOUS circumſtance is related of Whitfield, when in America, endeavouring to propagate methodiſm. He preached a ſermon which was not likely to gain the female part of his congregation. The text he had ſelected was, "*Anoint your eyes with eye ſalve,*" after expatiating for a conſiderable time, to point out what was not the true eye ſalve, he, in the uſual cant of thoſe fanatic preachers, ſaid, now I'll tell you what is the true eye ſalve—it is faith—it is grace—it is ſimplicity—it is virtue, *it is virgin's water!* but ah, Lord, where is that to be found? perhaps not in this great aſſembly. The conſequence of this was, the congregation roſe and buffetted him out of the place, and he was forced to take refuge with the firſt perſon who was charitable enough to give him an aſſylum.

A recruiting officer has lately announced, that he gives the greateſt encouragement to any high-ſpirited hero who is out of employ. Another addreſſes himſelf to the journeymen bakers, and tells them, that now is the the only time to turn their peels into halberts!

A recruiting ſerjeant at Charing-croſs, who advertiſes *only* for ſuch ſpirited young men as are deſirous of making their *fortunes*, for that purpoſe invites them immediately to repair to his office, oppoſite to the rich and flouriſhing houſe of Drummonds, the bankers,—where there is more *gold* than in *all France!*

Thurſday being the laſt day of term, fourteen perſons belonging to the King's Bench, ſummoned their creditors before the Court under the Lord's Act, when nine were diſcharged, and four remanded on being paid their groats; amongſt the latter of whom was a *lady* that cauſed no little laughter, upon being aſked by the counſel, on his reading her ſchedule, reſpecting her "working tools."

MORALITY.

In one of laſt week's papers, a *young lady* informs the public ſhe wiſhes

wishes to borrow one hundred guineas on her *personal security*, and that principals only may inspect her portrait *in little*, previous to striking a bargain.

At the bottom of a steep mountain, in the neighbourhood of Conway, North Wales, is a small ale-house, at which Dean Swift, in his road from Dublin, had always a night's rest.—As a requital for the civil treatment which he invariably experienced, he wrote a distich, which still remains on each side of the sign board. On the side facing the mountain,

"Now this hill you'r safely over
Drink—your spirits to recover."

On the reverse,

"Before you venture o'er to pass,
Take here a good refreshing glass."

If the following anecdote has not originality, it still has sufficient merit to require publicity. When the Duke of Rutland was Viceroy of Ireland, he was reputed to be much attached to the noted courtesan, Peg Plunket, His Excellency one evening, accompanied by his Duchess, visited the theatre; in the box above him sat his impure favourite. An uncivilized rustic in the gallery, a stranger to restraint, roared out to the astonishment of his auditors, "Who lay with you last night, Peg?"—"*Manners*, you blackguard, *Manners!*" said Peg, and kept her seat with the utmost composure.

HARRY ROWE'S GONE!

Last week died at Selby, in Yorkshire, this singular character, who for many years has diverted the children of that county with his company of wire comedians, and acted as trumpeter to the judges at the assizes at York. The exclamation, "Harry Rowe's *gone!* never failed to put him in a violent rage. The following ludicrous circumstance is said to be the cause: — During an exhibition of his puppets, the sheriff's officer introduced himself behind the curtain, and laid his magic finger on Mr. Rowe's shoulder. He was however prevailed to seat himself amongst the audience, and suffer the performance to proceed. Presently Mr. Punch put his head from under the curtain, and exclaims, "Harry Rowe's *gone!*"—he had escaped through a window. The laugh was then against the bailiff, who retired crest-fallen; but only Death could relieve the comedian from hearing the joke.

The lady who eloped with Captain Wolseley, son of Sir William Wolseley, on a matrimonial trip to Gretna Green, as lately mentioned, is the only daughter of Major Halliday, of the Leasowes, and not yet seventeen years of age. It was before the Captain reached the place of assignation, that he was robbed of all his money, to the amount of near 400l. which it appears was effected at the instigation of the fellow who was sent forward to procure fresh horses; yet neither this disaster, nor the inconvenience it occasioned to the lady, who was kept shivering with cold for two hours, could alter the purpose of the lovers, or effectually impede their progress; and they have now soberly returned *one and indivisible*.

ANECDOTE OF A NAVY CAPTAIN.

He was one day visited by the captain of another ship in the same fleet, and in the course of the

the visit, his friend could not help remarking the readiness and exactness with which all his commands were executed; and being what is called a good-natured easy man, (by no means calculated for a disciplinarian) "Zounds Dick," says he, "how do you contrive to be obeyed so readily, and with so little trouble? my d—n'd rascals are so perverse, that I sometimes bawl till I am hoarse, before I can be attended to?"—"My good friend," replied the other, "the mighty secret consists only in this; I do *my* duty, and therefore have reason to expect that every subordinate officer in the ship does *his*, they all know that they cannot neglect their business without its being observed by me. I never punish an accidental fault, and I never overlook a great one."

A curious circumstance occurred a few days since in the country. A jew delivered to the guard of a western stage, as the coach was passing out of Exeter, a turkey, addressed to a friend—the guard availing himself of its not being booked, by the way of *sheating Moses* tore off the direction, and offered it for sale at Salisbury; the person, however, who made the purchase, on examining the turkey found an Hebrew letter, with three gold rings and some jewels in the body of it—the letter was sent to a jew in the town to translate, when it appeared that the Israelite had hit upon this as the safest mode to convey the inclosed valuables to his friend, which were thus only preserved by the integrity of the person who bought the turkey.—He immediately sent it to its original place of destination, according to the superscription of the Hebrew letter.

A gentleman of narrow circumstances, whose heal'h was on the deline, finding that an ingenious physician occasionally dropped into a coffee-house that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-inn, always placed himself vis-a vis the doctor in the same box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the doctor's attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once in the following terms: Doctor, said he, I have for a long time been very far from being well; and as I belong to an office where I am obliged to attend every day, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and I should be glad to remove them. The doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded. I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly, I have a strange swimming in my head, &c. In short, after giving the doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question—Pray doctor what shall I take? The doctor in the act of resuming his paper, gave him the following laconic prescription—*Take! why, take advice!*

LAW.

IN the sittings after term at Guildhall, Tuesday the 3d instant, came on to be tried a cause, wherein William Waddington was plaintiff, and Robert Jones, a very eminent farrier, defendant.—The case literally thus: The defendant had been applied to by the plaintiff to assist in recovering a horse from some

some disorder, or *fluctuating humours*, under which he laboured, when (with the approving sanction of the plaintiff) a dose of mercurial physic was brought into use and administered on the Saturday evening, followed by a purging ball on the Sunday morning. On the Monday (after having previously given accurate instructions for the frequent use of mashes, warm water, good cloathing, &c.) the defendant making a visit to his patient, (in the plaintiff's stable) found him standing in a kind of coach-house stable, nearest to the doors of three horses with the doors wide open, only a single sheet on, with every appearance of present wretchedness and impending danger. Upon this bad management, he remonstrated with the plaintiff, urged the necessity of having the doors shut, additional cloathing, &c. to which the plaintiff replied, "shutting the doors would render it too warm for his other horses;" and the only composition the defendant could obtain, was placing the patient farthest from the door of the three. On that evening unfortunately for the defendant, his arm was fractured by a kick of a horse, and he was consequently prevented *personal* attendance, as symptoms of danger appeared. He continued however, every assistance, by his domestic emissaries, but in vain—the horse *died* on the *Friday*, and for the loss of the horse this action was commenced. In defence of which the defendant (who is the nephew and successor of the late eminent Mr. Bevan) had ready in court, not only the most eminent and scientific practitioners to prove, that horses from inattention, want of care, and palpable neglect, frequently lose their lives in physic: (as particularly elucidated with cases in point, p. 343, of our second Vol. and p. 17, of our present) but two farriers of unsullied reputation and extensive practice, who were present at the opening of the subject, and were ready to demonstrate (exclusive of every other consideration) the existence of *tubercles* and *ulcerations* in the LUNGS: from which, upon perforation with the knife, flowed *morbid matter* in abundance, so as to afford every indication of *probable dissolution*, had not the course of physic intervened. These proofs were, however, rendered unnecessary; for the jury feeling as men conscientiously bound to do justice between the parties, who had appealed to the laws of their country for a decision in equity, discovering a failure in proof on the part of the PLAINTIFF, instantly found for the DEFENDANT, upon the examination of *a single witness*, to the general satisfaction of the court, *the plaintiff* and his legal assistants excepted.

OLD BAILEY.

ON Wednesday, December 4, John Cornish was arraigned upon the *Black Act*, for maliciously maiming and wounding a mare, the property of his master Thomas Wells.

The prosecutor proved the prisoner's coming to him, and saying, "Master, what is to be done with the old mare? her tongue is dropping out!" He therefore suspected the prisoner had been cruelly beating it, and what strengthened his suspicion was, that *one of the eyes was beat out*. This was all he knew, and consequently all he attempted to prove.

Thomas Rowman ſaid, that "On the 23d of November, he ſaw the priſoner take hold of the mare's bridle with one hand, and with the other held the ſmall end of the whip, and with the butt beat the animal upon the head and mouth, repeating his blows till the mare's tongue dropped out; that the priſoner's hand was exceedingly bloody; that he ſaw him pick up the tongue, look at it, and then threw it away amongſt ſome gooſeberry buſhes."

Another witneſs confirmed this teſtimony; but we preſume to ſuppoſe there may have been ſome miſtake upon the face of this evidence, as the priſoner muſt have had hold of *the tongue* with *his hand*, inſtead of *the bridle*. If not, he muſt have continued his violence ſo long, that the tongue was abſolutely cut off by the bit of the bridle.

The learned judge having ſummed up the evidence, obſerved to the jury it had been determined, that in order to conſtitute the offence in queſtion, it ſhould appear in evidence that the *maiming of the horſe* ſhould ariſe from MALICE againſt the owner of it. And upon this repreſentation the jury were induced to pronounce a verdict of NOT GUILTY! a deciſion that unfortunately for the owner, not only leaves him in a ſtate of perpetual anxiety for the ſafety of his own live ſtock, but every proprietor of cattle in the kingdom, to lament the *glorious uncertainty of law*, that muſt evidently tend to diſcourage the laudable endeavours and ſtrenuous efforts that every HONEST MAN would willingly bring into practice, for the extirpation of ſuch innate villainy from every branch of ſociety.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY giving the following a corner in the next Number of your excellent Miſcellany, you will oblige a conſtant reader,

Dec. 20. A KINGSMAN.

An inſtance of veteran activity and horſemanſhip ſeldom to be met with, occurred on Monday laſt, in the neighbourhood of Cheſter-le-ſtreet. Mr. Pattiſon, of White-houſe, in that pariſh, hunted with General Lambton's harriers. He rode uncommonly hard; never refuſing even the ſtrongeſt leaps, and was in at the death of the fourth hare, which the hounds had run long that day, after a chace of two hours and forty minutes. It is, perhaps, ſcarcely to be credited, but it is not more ſingular than certain, that the combined ages of Mr. Pattiſon and his horſe, amount to one hundred and four years.

To the EDITORS *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following eſſay upon trout, &c. and previous attempt at a vindication of the art of angling, (againſt the many ſneers thrown out, to render the lovers of it ridiculous) worth inſerting in your entertaining Magazine, you will oblige one of your conſtant readers.

PISCATOR.

Angling has always been conſidered, by ſuch as are unacquainted with the art, as an idle worthleſs amuſement, requiring a great deal of patience, yet very ſeldom rewarded with any great ſucceſs. It is common to ſay of any

any difficult provoking affair, that it requires the patience of an angler, to get through with it. But that this art ought not to be stigmatized more than any other, may, I trust, be made evident to every candid professor of any of the other sporting arts; or, indeed, of any art whatever.

Angling is an amusement undertaken by any person that has an inclination for it, whether possessed of any knowledge relating to it or not. In all sciences whatever, there are many pretenders, though few masters. So it is in angling; scarce one in a thousand understand any thing about it. Hence disappointment must follow incapacity, and the noble art of angling falls into undeserved disgrace, from the ignorance of its practitioners.

To a master in his art, success is almost certain. To an expert and experienced angler, it is equally so. A bungler, however he may amuse himself, can contribute no honour to any science he undertakes.

Thus I endeavour to prove, that the undeserved reproach, under which the art of angling labours, has arisen from the ignorance of those who undertake it, without being qualified; and who, when disappointed, in justice, can blame only themselves.

Persons much engaged, can scarcely arrive at any considerable degree of perfection in the knowledge or practice of any of the sporting arts. To be eminent, it requires much leisure to follow the favourite pursuit, and an acute and discerning understanding, to benefit by past experience. Hence it is, that nations of hunters, &c. whose existence principally depends upon their skill and address in securing their game, excel so infinitely all commercial nations, in the sports of the field. It is well known, to the sorrow of many sporting gentlemen, the destruction that a skilful poacher will make among their game of all sorts.—It is his business.

OF TROUTS, AND TROUT ANGLING.

There is a very great variety in the growth and colour of trouts. Every trout-stream and lake differing in this respect, it is the same with some other sorts of fish; so that, having once mentioned it, it will be needless to repeat it. The trouts, in all pure clear lakes, grow very large. That is, in all lakes, in rocky mountain countries; fen, and drain water lakes, or meres, never contain any. The lake trout grows to thirty pounds weight.

Large pure rapid rivers contain trout of a very large size. Some have been caught in such rivers, of fifteen pounds weight, but the size to which they grow in our best streams, is seldom much above five pounds.

There is a small trout to be found in all rocky, roaring brooks; such as upon the fall of heavy showers, suddenly swell to a great height, and overbear all opposition; but sink as quickly upon the rain ceasing. These brooks, in fair weather, have but little stream, but contain many water-falls, eddies, and deep holes, worn out of the solid rock, and rough with broken fragments and roots of trees. In these holes there are always plenty of little trout, the most beautifully speckled of any of the species, although in other respects, they are not handsome, being very slender, with great black heads. I have caught some of these trout of two pounds weight; but it is

rare, though you may frequently take them of one pound.

(To be continued.)

A curious Method of replenishing a CANAL *or* POND *with several sorts of Fish.*

TOWARDS the latter end of April or beginning of May, take the root of one of the willow trees, which grow upon the side of some river or piece of water, and which is full of fibres; shake the earth well away from it, then tie it to a stake, and fix it in a pond or river well provided with the sorts of fish as you desire to have: the fish will gather about the root, cling to it and deposit their spawn, which will remain entangled amongst the fibres. After a few days, draw the stake, with the willow root out of the river or pond, and carry it to the canal or pond, which you intend to replenish with fish: into which you are to plunge it about half a hand-breadth below the surface of the water, and in about 15 days you will perceive a great number of little fry round it.

But if you intend to furnish more than one canal or pond, you must take care not to leave it too long in the first, least the heat of the sun should animate the whole of the spawn; for as soon as the fry begin to be alive, they will disengage themselves from the root.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTELMEN,

SEEING in your last number, page 74, an account of the Scythian Antelope, induced me to send an account of the manner of hunting that animal in Persia.

Your's, &c. I. I. B.

The Antelope is a creature very common in Persia: it is shaped like a deer, has fine black eyes, a long slender neck, and the horns grow always straight up from his head, tapering gradually with rings at equal distances from each other. This beast is remarkable for its sweetness; they have a method of hunting it with a creature called an *ounce* which is brought from Arabia, and is trained up for that purpose. The huntsman usually carries the ounce behind him on horseback, having a chain about his neck, and keeping a cloth before his eyes till they discover an antelope, upon which he pulls of the cloth and chain, and lets the ounce go in pursuit of his prey. The ounce having got sight of the antelope, creeps softly towards him on his belly, hiding himself if he can, behind the hedges, till being come within a little distance, he takes two or three great leaps, and seizes the antelope. If he happens to miss his aim, he pursues no farther, and is so ashamed, that the huntsmen have much ado to make him hunt any more that day.

The Persians also train up falcons to hunt the antelope, having the stuffed skin or figure of that animal on whose nose they constantly feed the falcons. Having spied an antelope they let fly two of these falcons, one of which fastens just upon the nose of the creature, who endeavours to shake off his enemy, whilst the bird flutters to keep his hold, which hinders the antelope from seeing well before him. However if he happens to disengage himself from his first assailant, the falcon that is aloft, stoops and supplies the place of the other, which immediately points up, and keeps above, ready to succeed his companion if he should be shaken off by the antelope. Thus the falcons harass the poor animal, and hinder his running, till the dogs come up, who soon make an end of the diversion.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE TURF.

MR. LEESON's efforts in the discovery of the suspected villainy, so confidently practised in the match at Egham, between BUFFER and a common hunter of Mr. DAVIS's, has not yet been stamped with the desired success. A description of the match, and evident cause for suspicion has been published from authority, with an offer of *reward* if any emissary (of which there must have been some concerned, to render the scheme effectual) will come forward, and assist in conviction. This statement affirms that "Mr. Leeson gave his rider orders to lay about two or three lengths *behind* (rather upon the *off flank)*, and never to attempt the lead till within a distance of home, and then *run in* for THE RACE. While on the contrary, it is universally known by every one present, that the rider of BUFFER took *the lead* and maintained it with a *slack rein*, evidently distressing the horse to what is termed "*a stand still*," notwithstanding which, it was with the utmost difficulty *on his own part* he SUCCEEDED in *losing* THE MATCH. The odds at starting having been *fifteen* to *one* upon BUFFER, we shall presume to say, that in RACING there is no chance *to win*; or that its labyrinth of inexplicable secrets, is not equal to the *immaculate uncertainty of the law*.

This case readily brings to recollection the persevering practice of an OLD COCKER, who constantly attended the various meetings at Epsom, Guildford, Ascot, &c. but was observed never to bet a *single guinea*, except in the COCK-PIT, where he betted very CONSIDERABLE SUMS. Upon this singularity, a gentleman of *the turf* expostulated, and solicited his reasons; when in return he assured him, long experience (after many years accurate observation) had determined him "never to hazard *one sixpence* in betting upon *any thing* that could *speak*."

MR. HULL.

On the 3d instant, the stud of race horses, brood mares, colts, fillies, hunters, and hacks, of Mr. Hull, a gentleman well known in the sporting world, were sold at the Finsbury Riding House, by order of the assignees, and produced the following sums:

XANTHUS, a chesnut colt, three years old, by Volunteer, dam (own sister to Calash) by Herod—350 guineas.

VALENTINE, a ditto, two years old, own brother to Xanthus, blemished by a callosity surrounding the shank bone and fetlock—35 guineas.

A CHESNUT COLT, three years old, by Dungannon, dam (Flirtilla) by Conductor—55 guineas.

ELLEN, a brown mare, by Dungannon, dam by Turf—65 guineas.

A GREY FILLY, rising two years old, by ANVIL, bought at the Prince's sale, unbroke—27 guineas.

A BAY FILLY FOAL, by Justice, out of ELLEN—8 guineas.

Seven hunters and hacks of different descriptions, produced 199 guineas; the lowest selling at ten and the highest at fifty-three.

From the different selections that are now making in some well known studs, to be meliorated into money, by the fascinating *flourish of the hammer*; the hundred of horses that are to be sold in different parts of the town

town without a purchaser, and the additional number that are eating their *own heads off* upon the *hay*, *chaff*, and *water* system of the metropolis; we have every reason to believe that *gentlemen* who wish to ride, may be accommodated with horse flesh *gratis*, if they will but condescend to find their *own boots*.

SOUNDNESS.

In horses (in consequence of the innumerable and unforeseen difficulties attending "*a warrantry*") is declining to a very unfashionable point of view; and will, beyond a doubt, in a few years, be totally obliterated. At present, such mode of dealing is evidently replete with ambiguity. No idea can precisely extend to the length of time *the warrantry* goes; nor where the expectation of the purchaser is to terminate. No commercial transaction so truly *indefinite*, can possibly take place in any other part of our national concerns. The *professional duplicity* of DEALERS, the deceptive *confusion* of REPOSITORIES, the *fashionable finesse* (not to lay conscientious derivation from the path of honour) in GENTLEMEN; render the WARRANTRY of A HORSE so predominantly precarious, that it seems admirably calculated for the precise point of its frequent destination, the decisive but imperfect opinion of a more imperfect jury; by no means adequate to the task fixed upon them by the shackles of law, nor any rule to go by, but the most SHAMEFUL and *shameless* perjuries that come before them. Of this the gentlemen at the bar are so well and experimentally convinced, that whenever asked their opinion upon what is termed "A HORSE CASE," they *nem. con.* agree, that "whichever side *swears hardest* gets it to a certainty." Of this one proof appeared not ong since at the assizes for Berks, "WOODFORD against TATHAM," for the amount of a horse that died not long after purchase; when *six* distinct evidence on one side, *boldly swore* they never saw a horse so bad with THE GREASE "in their lives;" while *six* on the *other side*, swore MORE BOLDLY, that they saw the horse almost every day *when alive*, (as well as after he was *dead*) and that he never had the "*least appearance* or taint of GREASE *at all*." In this state, things might have remainded, and confined a conscientious jury to starve, before a set of honest men could have delivered a verdict satisfactory to their own feelings; they were, however, relieved from this state of uncertainty by a most applicable *preponderation*, for to bring up the rear of the defendant's evidence, (for what prudent man would do things by halves?) came A HUNTSMAN, who gave the finale to the cause, by averring on oath, that he stripped the horse for his hounds, and he had positively "no trait or appearance of GREASE about him." The jury consequently found for the DEFENDANT. But what rendered *the cause* and *the event* more extraordinary, and perhaps the only plea for its insertion is, that the major part of the evidence for the plaintiff, were substantial farmers and respectable characters; whilst on the contrary, the defence was composed only of post-boys, and dealers' stable lads, well appropriate to the purpose. Perhaps it is in some degree to be lamented, that in general estimation and the eye of the law, *one* OATH is to be considered as good as *another*; as well as that so great a portion

a portion of property ſo frequently turns upon ſo *ſlender* a hinge.

THE TURF.

The Duke of Bedford has engaged in a bet of 1000l. to produce a jockey who ſhall ride 100 miles in 3 *hours and* 40 *minutes*. Ten horſes are to be allowed. Such wagers as theſe, ſhould always be brought before the public, that they may know whether there is any cruelty in them to animals, which by their ſervices and nature are peculiarly under the protection of man, and that they may puniſh it, when found, by contempt and abhorrence of the perpetrators. In this inſtance, it ſeems improbable, from the number of horſes to which the diſtance is allotted, as well as from the character of his Grace, that any cruelty can happen to *them*; as to the *jockey*, he can undertake the labour only by his own conſent, and will of courſe, deſiſt as ſoon as he finds any greater pain than he chuſes to endure for his reward.

There was as great a reſort of gentlemen, at the laſt Cumberland hunt, (at Carliſle), as has been for ſome years.—J. T. Senhouſe, Eſq of Calder-Abbey, T. Parker, Eſq. of Hornby, Lancaſhire, and Samuel Lacy, Eſq. of Kirk-Oſwald, are elected ſtewards for the next year.—The races are to be in the hunt week.

Colonel Thornton's match of the hawk againſt the game-cock, is not off. It ſtands to be fought as before agreed on.

Mr. Lambton's fox hounds have done wonders, in the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire. In a very difficult country, they have generally killed a brace of foxes each day. They have always been attended with a very numerous field of ſportſmen.

Colonel Thornton's fox hounds have been very ſucceſsful this ſeaſon, and have killed conſtantly. A few days ago, an extraordinary accident is ſaid to have happened to them:—The hounds, in running a fox, came ſuddenly on a *covey of partridges*, which were ſo alarmed, that one flew with ſuch violence againſt the *whipper-in*, that it killed itſelf on the ſpot.

A few days ago, a gentleman of Burlington Street, fiſhing in the Thames at Hampton, caught three barbel, one of which weighed eleven pounds, another thiteen pounds and a half, and the third between fifteen and ſixteen pounds, and what is extraordinary, they were taken by a roach long-running line and hook, and by aid of ſome boats coming to the aſſiſtance of the angler they were driven to ſhore, and taken.

A few days ago was convicted before N. R. Toke, Eſq. at Canterbury, Thomas Weſtwell, for having in his poſſeſſion a pheaſant contrary to the ſtatute; and not being able to pay the fine of 5l. was committed to St. Dunſtan's goal for *three months imprisonment!*

A ſingular circumſtance in the ſporting line, happened the other day at Captain Allen's, of the Rydd, near Worceſter. Three brace and a half of partridges flew with ſuch violence againſt the houſe, that they all dropped inſtantly dead. When taken up, the

the heads of ſeveral of them were found daſhed to pieces. The cauſe of their misfortune was the whiteneſs of the houſe, which, with the glare of the ſun, ſo confuſed their ſight, that they did not perceive their danger.

Of the manors that have been kept up this year, Lord Berkeley's has been by much the ſtricteſt—and yet the poachers have done more miſchief there, than where a leſs rigid obſervance of the game laws has exiſted.

The advance upon the game licences this year, has not anſwered the intention of the encreaſe. They produced more at two guineas, than they have done at three.

A CURE FOR WARTS OR TETTERS ON HORSES.

Melt arſenic in a fire-pan over a fire, and when cold reduce it to a powder; taking care to avoid its fumes while melting, and the powder when pounding. Scratch the wart or tetter till it bleeds, and apply a ſmall quantity of powder, which, without repeating the application, will generally remove the blemiſh.

Colonel Thornton is now building a ſmall, but pictureſque manſion on the Wolds of Yorkſhire, which he is to call "Falconer's Hall." It will be a beautiful ornament to the ſurrounding country.

FOX-HUNTING.

On Monday, November 25, a bag fox was turned off in the pariſh of Pagleſham, in Rochford Hundred, Eſſex, which afforded much diverſion in that neighbourhood, and after a long chace of hard running, took acroſs the water to Creekſea, in Dengie Hundred, where he was purſued by four of the beſt hounds, *Drummer*, *Blueman*, *Tyſer*, and *Trueman*, the three young hounds took the lead after croſſing the water, but being rather eager, quite laviſh, and no ways to be depended upon, overſhot the fox, leaving only poor *Trueman* in the chace: *Trueman*, however, came up with Reynard, faſtened upon him, and a ſtrong conteſt enſued; but poor *Trueman* being rather lame, and otherways much diſabled, Reynard broke from him, and ran off in full view of the three young hounds, without their ſtirring one ſtep to purſue him.

LONG CRENDON, NEAR THAME. *Nov. 26th.*

Eight youths of this place ſet off to ring a quarter peal of 10080 bob majors, and completed it in ſix hours, and twenty minutes.

LEWES, *Nov.* 27.

The beginning of laſt week we had in our levels, a prodigious quantity of wild fowl. So great and ſudden a migration of the web-footed tribe, had not before been witneſſed here for many years paſt, and it is now conſidered, by ſome, as an indication of approaching hard weather.

At five o'clock on laſt Saturday morning, a horſe ſtarted from Eaſt Bourne, to go 100 miles in twelve hours; but the poor animal died in the attempt, it is ſuppoſed of a broken heart, occaſioned by the unſkilfulneſs of his rider.

BURY, *Nov.* 27.

Sunday morning laſt, about three o'clock, Mr. Whittington's game-

game-keeper, with five aſſiſtants, went out at Illington, for the purpoſe of detecting ſome poachers, when eight or nine made their appearance, who fired at and killed ſome pheaſants, upon which a deſperate battle enſued between the gamekeepers and poachers, in which Craſke, the keeper, and Sparham, an aſſiſtant, were ſo terribly beaten, that the life of the latter is greatly deſpaired of. The poachers left behind them a great coat, and a bag with ſome pheaſants therein.

IPSWICH, *Nov.* 29.

A few days ſince, a ſervant belonging to Mr. Sims, of Bower Hall, at Pentlow, Eſſex, having careleſsly left the wheat barn door open, four colts got in, and ate ſuch a quantity of dreſſed wheat, as to occaſion the death of all of them in twenty-four hours, notwithſtanding every means was uſed to ſave them.

BURY, *Nov.* 29.

Farriers and others, who may be employed in looking after horſes, are cautioned againſt the too common practice of giving them phyſic in glaſs bottles; a perſon at Bury having done ſo a few days ago, the poor animal broke and ſwallowed a part of the bottle, by which he died in the moſt excruciating pain.

November 30th, died at Preſton, in Lancaſhire, the noted Thomas Hatton, a well known pugiliſt in the north of England. In 1773, he beat the famous tyger Johnſon, a watch-maker, of Liverpool; and in the ſame year at Mancheſter races, he conquered the noted Hawke, of Yorkſhire, Hawke being ſuperior to him, both in weight and inches, the odds were ten to one againſt him, yet Hatton beat him with eaſe in about fifteen minutes. After this, he fought and beat Mitchelſon, Baker, Meekins, &c. in nine pitched battles; one of theſe is ſo remarkable, that it deſerves particular notice;—A match being made between him and James Cheaven, a noted bruiſer, of Warrington, for twenty guineas a ſide, they met and fought at Coventry; in the firſt engagement, Hatton had the misfortune to fall and break his arm, after which they fought for upwards of forty minutes, with various ſucceſs, the odds being ſometimes on one ſide and ſometimes on the other; at laſt victory decided in favour of Hatton: his ſecond aſking him why he did not uſe the other arm, he immediately ſhewed it to the company. The gentlemen of Coventry were ſo pleaſed with his courage, that they made him a very handſome ſubſcription.

Among the different packs of fox-hounds, none have had finer ſport this ſeaſon than Mr. Newman's, in Eſſex. On Monday, December 2, they found a fox at Bromfield-Hall-Wood, near Chelmsford, and, after a chace of more than twenty-ſix miles, without the leaſt check, ran into him, as he was attempting to get into Lord Maynard's garden, at Dunmow. It is worth remarking, the hounds purſued their fox through ſeveral herds of deer, and amazing quantities of hares, in Lord Maynard's park, with a ſteadineſs not cuſtomary to ſome crack packs which ſometimes hunt that country.

MORPETH, *Dec.* 4.

A few days ago three horſes belonging to Mr. Walter Mather, of

of Linton, near this town, (a man universally respected) were seized by some diabolical fiends, who cut out their tongues, and left them bleeding victims of their brutal vengeance. A reward is offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this horrid crime, and we most ardently hope, that a speedy and singular punishment awaits them.

*** *As drinking has been noticed as a sport, by our correspondent* Bibo, *the following account of one of his votaries, certainly claims a place in our Sporting Intelligence.*

Beaumaris, *Dec.* 4.

Saturday evening died here, William Lewis, Esq. of Llandisman, in the act of drinking a cup of Welch ale, containing about a wine quart, called a tumbler maur. He made it a rule every morning of his life, to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening, as a digestion of his morning study, to drink full eight gallons of ale. It is calculated, that in the course of his life-time, he must have drank a sufficient quantity to float a 74-gun ship. His size was astonishing; it is supposed the diameter of his body was no less than two yards. He weighed forty stone. He died in his parlour—a lucky circumstance, as it would have been almost impossible to have got him down stairs; as it was, it was found necessary to have a machine in form of a crane, to lift him on a carriage, and afterwards to have the same brought into the church-yard, to let him down into his grave. He went in the name of the King of Spain, and his family by the different titles of Prince, Infanta, &c. &c. but from what circumstance we know not.

On Thursday, December 5, a fire broke out in Sir Peter Burrell's stable-yard, at Langley, near Beckenham, in Kent. The premises were quite destroyed, and a fine set of horses burnt to death in the stable.

Friday, Dec. 6, Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart. revived the Wynnstay hunt (instituted in 1768), which was attended by a numerous party of the neighbouring and other gentlemen. A cold collation was provided for the company in the morning; on their return from hunting, an elegant dinner was served up; and the evening was concluded with a ball, the brilliancy of which was never excelled by any preceding one, the room being decorated with great taste on the occasion.

Norwich, *Dec.* 7.

A few days ago, one Farthing, a coal carter, of Swaffham, made a bet, with a brother of the whip, for one guinea, that his horse would drag a chaldron of coals, from Narbro' to Swaffham, which is upwards of five miles, in two hours and a half. The animal, to the great astonishment of many spectators, performed it in one hour and fifty minutes, having forty minutes to spare.

Newcastle, *Dec.* 7.

A little after nine o'clock, on Saturday morning, Mr. Curwen's hounds started a fox upon Moutray, which they pursued through the line of woods, from

Hell

ſtell to within a very ſhort diſtance of Whitefield, when he took up the ſide of Skiddaw, and went clean over to Threlkeld; then ſkirting the mountains towards Ormthwaite, (the ſeat of Dr. Brownrigg), he aſcended Skiddaw a ſecond time, paſſing over the higheſt parts of it, and croſſing, in his route, a conſiderable drift of ſnow. Night coming on, the foot-hunters durſt purſue him no longer, and moſt of the dogs were, with difficulty, taken off.—The whipper-in followed the greateſt part of this very remarkable chace on Miſs Francis, the mare which had won the hunters' whip at Carliſle, on the Thurſday.—They who know the country, will be aſtoniſhed at this relation; every circumſtance of which is, however, matter of fact. For extent and difficulty of ground, this chace has probably never been exceeded; and perhaps it is not eaſy to inſtance one in which it has been equalled.

On Tueſday, December 10, was rung at St. Sepulchre's, Snowhill, by ten of the junior ſociety of Cumberland youths, a complete peal of grandſire caters, conſiſting of 5111 changes, in three hours and thirty-five minutes; being the firſt peal, and the greateſt number of changes, ever rung at that place by ten men only.

A remarkable circumſtance happened on Wedneſday, December 11, Mr. Wotton's hounds, of Chartham, having had a hard chace of a fox for two hours and upwards, and being cloſe preſſed, ran through Sir Edward Hale's park, directly down to the houſe: the hounds being cloſe in chace, followed him into a ſmall yard behind the houſe, and there deſtroyed poor Reynard.

Previous to His Majeſty's going to hunt on Friday, December 13, the huntſmen and keepers of Windſor Foreſt, ſnared ſeveral red deer in the Home Park, for the purpoſe of removing them to the Swinley herd. In the courſe of driving the deer to the toils, that famous old ſtag Highflyer, diſdaining to be caught, ran with ſuch force againſt the netting, as to occaſion a diſlocation of the neck, which brought on inſtant death. He was the ſire of a numerous progeny, which have been hunted by His Majeſty's hounds for ſeveral ſeaſons paſt, and in general afforded uncommon ſport. Highflyer had been in the Home Park many years.—His Majeſty, who was preſent when the accident happened, could not avoid lamenting the fate of his favourite deer.

Friday, December 13, as Mr. Charles Royſton, ſon of Mr. Henry Royſton, an eminent farmer at Kingſton, in Cambridgeſhire, was attempting to leap a blood mare over a hedge at Gamlingay, he received a violent fall, diſlocated his neck, and inſtantly died.

Monday, December 16, the hounds of Mr. Snep, of Haremare, immediately after killing a hare, ſtruck off on a freſh ſcent, which was ſuppoſed to be from the foot of another hare; but after following it awhile, the game appeared in view, and proved to be a martin-cat, which produced moſt excellent ſport. The little animal was treed and diſ-

dislodged six times before it was killed. But the most extraordinary circumstance that attended this hunt, was, that of a man's flushing, and catching a woodcock, as he was preparing to climb a tree after the cat.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

THE two following cases may be depended upon as facts.
Your's, &c.
P. I. E.

Coventry,
Dec. 16, 1793.

A few days since, as Sir W. Wheeler and some other gentlemen, were coursing in Burbery-fields, about ten miles from Coventry, they flushed two coveys of partridges within a small distance, at the same time each taking a different direction, and crossing within thirty yards of the company, one of each covey met with such velocity, that one fell down dead on the spot.

On Wednesday the 11th instant, a man, of the name of Chambers, engaged for a wager of two guineas, to carry a Scotchman's pack from Birmingham to Coventry, in four hours, which he performed in three hours and fifty-seven minutes, being three minutes under his time. The distance he carried it was eighteen miles and a half; the pack, in consequence of the rain that fell, weighed four pounds heavier at Coventry than it did at Birmingham; its original weight was fifty-six pounds.

His Majesty has at last transferred the scene of *sporting* action, with his stag-hounds, from the *Berkshire* to the *Buckinghamshire* side of the Thames; turning out either at Salt Hill, Stoke Green, or Langley Broom, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, till Easter Monday, when they again return to the commons and heaths —Ascot, Brick Bridge, Billingbear, &c.

LONG CHACES.

Jarvis and his assistant, two *custom-house officers*, had an exceeding *good run*, in pursuit of the Brighton stages, upon an information that they had prohibited goods in their stowage; they unkennelled at Croydon, run into view at Kennington, and continued the chase to the Golden Cross, where they dismounted, and had nearly taken their game, but the leaders of the chase breaking away, were pursued into Westminster Hall; where, by running down wind, and making a head, the *Custom-house sportsmen* were completely thrown out, after one of the *sharpest* runs they have had for some years.

On the 18th instant, a terrier bitch, belonging to a messenger of the Post - Office, followed him into the lodging - room of one of the gentlemen of the inland department, then in the country, and was locked up in it. Six days elapsed, but no tidings of the dog repaid the most unremitting researches for her— when the gentleman returning, and entering his room, the poor animal rushed out. It certainly had not eat or drank during her confinement, and what renders this circumstance the more extraordinary is, that in this period she brought forth four fine puppies, who, with the mother, are now perfectly well.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG,

(Occasional) at the Cumberland Hunt, (Carlisle Meeting, 1793) the last Day, on which the Ladies dined at the Ordinary.

AIR—"*By the gaily circling Glass.*"

HITHER wit and mirth repair,
Hence ye droning sons of care;
Circling bumpers as they flow,
Ease and happiness bestow.
Sportive, round the 'witching bowl
Fancy's magic visions roll.
Beauty swims before the sight,
Beaming love and soft delight.

Hope, in cheering accent, sings;
Cupids wave their rosy wings;
Bacchus jolly god, inspires
Generous thoughts and gay desires.
Fame the sacred list displays.—
Patriot chiefs of ancient days:
Points the high, heroic deed,
Again they fight, again they bleed.

Hither wit and mirth repair,
Hence, ye droning sons of care!
Push the sparkling bumper round,
This is pleasure's fairy ground.
Catch the moment as it flies;
Let your mirth to madness rise;
Hail in songs, the joys divine—
Lovely woman, wit and wine.

ABSENCE.

SWEET girl! since you left me and went out of town,
I scarce utter a word, and I constantly frown;
As for business or pleasure, I think them but folly,
And while others are laughing—I am quite melancholy.

When I wake in the morning, I turn me around,
But alas! my lovely Susan is not to be found;
When your pillow unpress'd makes your absence quite certain,
I curse blankets and sheets, and I swear at the curtain.

When I leap out of bed, still your image bewitches;
I'm at least twenty minutes in finding my breeches!
And after I'm dress'd a full hour or more,
I find they are button'd the wrong side before.

Ah! Susan, at breakfast, how happy we've been,
O'er the fragrant infusion of eight shilling green,
While rapture attended on every sip,
And I envied the cup the soft touch of your lip.

But now on the table I carelessly loll,
My appetite's gone—I can scarce eat a roll;
And I cannot help thinking, while drinking my tea,
That the white sugar's brown, and the hyson—bohea.

At dinner—whenever your eye glanc'd a wish,
Tow'rds the hot roasted fowl—how I seiz'd on the dish!
Then sent you a wing, and a bit of the breast—
For fancy still whisper'd me what you lik'd best.

But now I'm so stupid I care not a button,
Who carves out the beef, or who cuts up the mutton—
I spill butter and gravy all over the cloth,
And when porter I drink—run my nose in the froth.

The sofa! on which we've so often beguil'd
The lingering hours, while you listen'd and smil'd;
Till rapture its tenderest language would speak,
And the tears of delight, I have kiss'd from your cheek.

Sweet sofa! farewell, for thy influence is o'er.
The lingering hours, now but linger the more;
And with tears of delight my eye never o'erflows,
For I've got a bad cold and they run from my nose.

Then

Then haste back to town, my sweet Susan, and prove
All the whimsical pleasures that await upon love:
Our days shall be passed in frolicksome flirting,
And as for our nights!—why, I here drop the curtain.

BROGUE.

To the PROPRIETORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following was written extempore, at Gloucester Music Meeting, but mislaid—yet "better late than never;" on Madam Mara, with the greatest good humour, singing "Mad Bess" at the request of the stewards; and with equal, or more condescension, obliging the enraptured audience with a repetition.

WHEN Mara, mistress of th' harmonic tongue,
"Mad Bess" with energetic action sung,
We felt the enchanting powers of her art;
And paid our thundering tribute of—"Encore!"
She smil'd and bow'd—the task again sung o'er,
Our tribute then, was homage to—her heart.

OBERON.

Fairy Camp, Dec. 1793.

A PASTORAL ELEGY,

WITHOUT POETICAL FICTION.

On the death of an amiable man, who died suddenly in Herefordshire.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus,
Tam chari capitis? HOR.

BENEATH this raised turf, our lov'd Corydon lies,
The joy and support of the plain;
And we cry, whilst the tears stream apace from our eyes,
"His like we shall ne'er see again."

With truth, love and honour his bosom was stored,
And with sense he was blest past compare;
Sincere hospitality smiled at his board,
And gave double zest to the fare.

First virtue's pure dictates he strictly obey'd,
Then cultur'd each grace of the mind:
To science and learning due homage he paid,
And the arts were not far left behind.

No more shall we see him in vesture of green,
With his quiver brim full at his side;
Of his party each bowman was proud to be seen,
For he of the bow was the pride.

Come then, luckless archers, and my nymphs of the string,
And moisten with tears the green sod;
For his soul (like his arrow) is strait on the wing,
To gain the blest meed from his God.

Fairy Camp, OBERON.
Dec. 2*d*, 1793.

THE FAIR.

WOULD ye see the world in little,
Ye curious here repair,
We'll suit you to a title,
At this our rustic fair;
We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,
As tempting as at court,
With whim for whim we'll match ye,
And give you sport for sport,
From a sceptre to a rattle,
We've every thing in toys,
From infants that scarcely prattle,
To men who still are boys;
Cock horses and state coaches,
In gingerbread are sold,
Cakes, parliament, gilt watches,
And horns all tipt with gold;
Then if for fine parade you go,
Come here and see our puppet show.
Walk in here ladies and gentlemen, here you see the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon in all his glory—you think that figure's alive, but he's no more alive than I am,
While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haste neighbours to the fair.

What's your sweepstakes, and your races,
And all your fighting cocks,
To our horse collar grimaces,
And girls that run for smocks;
Our hobs can swivle noses,
At single stick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Though not quite so polite;
In their deceptions neater,
Are your keen rooks allow'd,
Than is yonder fire-eater,
Who queers the gaping crowd!

Then

Then boast not tricks so noxious,
That genteel life bespeaks,
Our juglers hixious doxious,
Shall distance all the Greeks;
Can Pharaoh and his host be found
To match our nimble merry go round!
Put in here, put in, put in, every blank a prize, down with it, and double it, twenty can play as well as one,
While the pipes, &c.

Here, yon mountebank assure ye,
Of diseases by the score,
A single dose shall cure ye,
Can Warwick-lane do more?
Wid whirligigs, tetotems,
Yon Jew's imposhing faish,
Shall cheat you here in no times,
All one as in Duke's Place.
Hark, yonder, making merry,
Full many a happy clown,
For champaign who drink perry,
As good as that in town.
Then for fight, we've apes and monkies,
Some on four legs, some on two,
Tall women, dwarfs, cropt donkies,
For all the world like you;
Then would ye Ranelagh find out,
What think ye of our round-about?
Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, the only booth in the fair, here you may make the whole tour of the world, would you ride in the caravan, the expedition, the land frigate, or the dilly, fourteen miles in fifteen hours, ladies and gentlemen,
While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haste neighbours to the fair.

THE MUSSULMAN'S PIG.

THUS says a prophet of the Turk,
Good Musselmen, beware of pork;
There is a part in every swine,
No follower, or friend of mine
May taste whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he gave the joint at large:
Had he the sinful part exprest,
They might, with safety, eat the rest,
But, for one piece, they thought it hard,
From the whole pig to be debarr'd;
So set their wits to work, to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy therefore rose,
This chose the cheek, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to deny the head;
Whilst others at the doctrine rail,
And piously refuse the tail.
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh, 'tis well, the tail apply'd
May make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do—a multitude replies.
Whilst one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, (whatever you may say)
Can see no evil in a play.
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others shooting, or a chace;
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the whole is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to mouth is eaten.

W. R.

SONGS IN THE MUSICAL FARCE, CALLED MY GRANDMOTHER.

AIR—VAPOUR.

Ah, me, I am lost and forlorn!
No hope can my anguish assuage!
For, alas! long before I was born,
My fair one had died of old age!
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

Why, Time, should'st thou be so uncouth?
Why wither her beauties divine?
Why rob her of every tooth,
Before I had cut one of mine?
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

At night, to her tomb I'll repair,
To Echo my sorrows impart;
Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair,
And the ringlet shall twine on my heart;
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

AIR—CHARLOTTE.

Full twenty times you've heard my mind,
You're not the man I hope to find,
Or can for life approve;
In spite of all that you can say,
I'm still inclin'd to answer nay,
And never think of love.

Give o'er your teazing, 'tis in vain;
From me your suit will nothing gain,
My will you'll never move:
When I resign my hand and heart,
I'll have a lad gay, brisk, and smart,
Or never think of love.

AIR—

AIR.—GOSSIP.

When I was a younker, I firſt was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber, ſo dapper and airy;
I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentiſt,
Then taylor, good Lord! then an apothecary.
But for this trade or that,
They all come as pat,
As they can;
For ſhaving, and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and ſawing,
Dicky Goſſip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentiſt but awkwardly tether,
In both the vocations I ſtill have my ſavings:
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpenter both deal in *ſhavings*.
So for this trade or that,
They all come as pat, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings ſo various;
I fancy they happen to ſome who are prouder;
I once gave a patient, whoſe health was precarious,
A terrible doſe of my beſt *ſhaving powder*,
But no matter for that,
My trades come as pat, &c.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Joe was poor, the lad was frank and free,
Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf;
Qou wonder that he don't remember me;
Why ſo?—You ſee he has forgot himſelf.

A SONG.

In the New Pantomime called

HARLEQUIN FAUSTUS,

OR

THE DEVIL WILL HAVE HIS OWN.

Sung by Mr. Rock in the character of an Iriſh Labourer, at the Building erecting for Drury-Lane Theatre.

MY name is tight Phelim, I'm come from the ſod,
By way of diverſion I carry a hod.
I quitted ſweet Dublin with other gueſs views;
But all my miſtake come from reading the news—
It told me that here I'd be quite in the vogue,
I oil'd my grey wig, and I bruſh'd up my brogue,
I kiſs'd my old friends, and a proſperous gale
To Liverpool blew little Phelim O'Neal.

With my hurro roo row, arrah be aſy,
Palilu loo, I'm as nate as a daſy.

We Iriſh to make it out find many ways,
We cry fine fat rabbits, and write pretty plays:
Shoulder ſtraps 'twixt the poles like a poney I trot,
And ſometimes in Flanders I get myſelf ſhot.
We ſell pickled ſalmon, and dance at a ball,
And of us the ladies think nothing at all;
Cock'd up in a chariot or yok'd in milk pail,
To be ſure they don't ſquint on tight Phelim O'Neal.

With my hurro roo row, &c.

My gay Maſter Maſon no more I'm your man,
I'll be maſter myſelf, I'm Sir Chriſtopher Wren.
I'll build fine pearches with In J Go Jones—
Then why climb up ſcaffolds to break my brave bones;
To the devil with your brickbats and trowels, my dear;
And is that yourſelf with your barrel of beer!
(A barrel of beer croſſes the ſtage)
But give him a drop, and ogh, hone, I'll be bail,
To the knees up in mortar jumps Phelim O'Neal.

With my hurro roo row, &c.

DRUSILLA had oft by her huſband been told,
The neighbours all knew her a termagant ſcold;
For himſelf, he was ſeldom permitted to ſpeak,
And was curſedly hen-peck'd, like poor Jerry Sneak,
At length, in revenge, ſhe *cornuted* her ſpouſe,
To let the world know—he was head of the houſe.